

BATMAN
No. 36

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TEN CENTS



BATMAN

Featuring
**"Sir Batman
and Robin in
King Arthur's
Court"**



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is for
JAGUAR

OF THE FAMILY
FELINE.
FOR BOOKS WITH
THIS SYMBOL
HE SURE MAKES
A BEE-LINE!



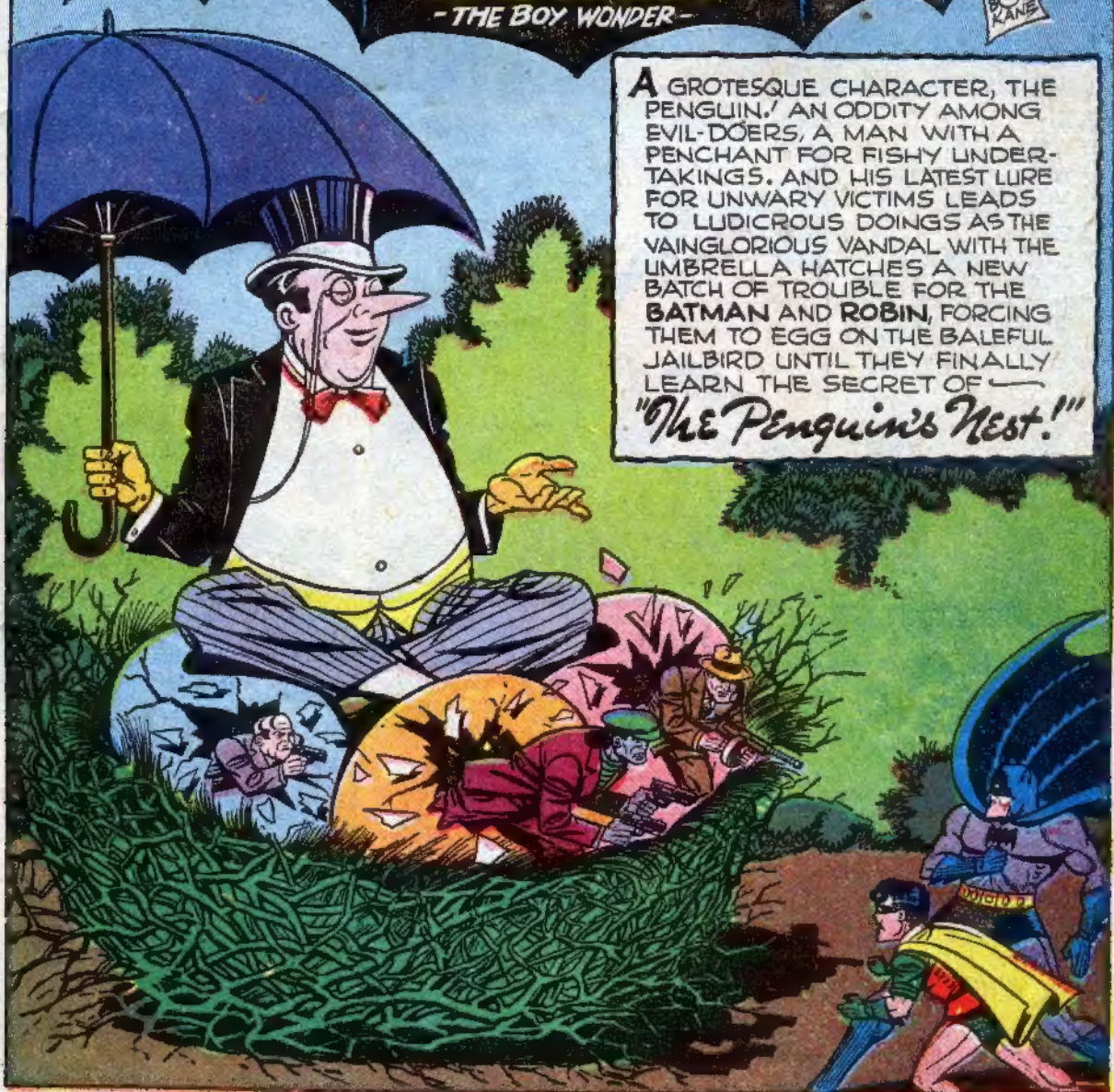
- ON THE COVER OF
**ALL-AMERICAN
COMICS**
FOR EXAMPLE!
IT'S YOUR
GUARANTEE
OF THE **BEST**
IN ANY COMIC
MAGAZINE!

BATMAN

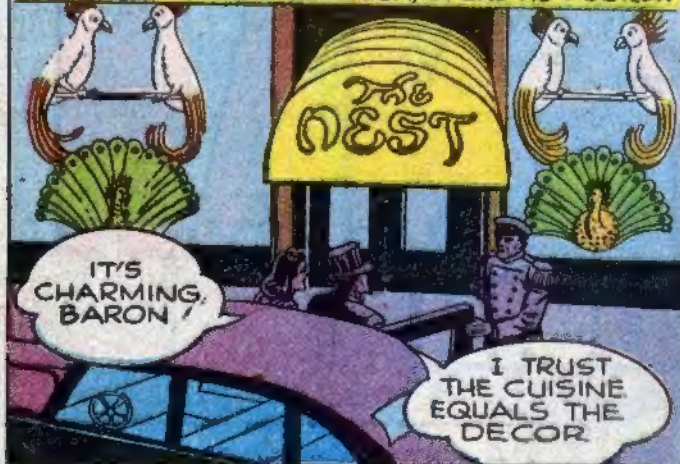
WITH
ROBIN
- THE BOY WONDER -

BOB KANE

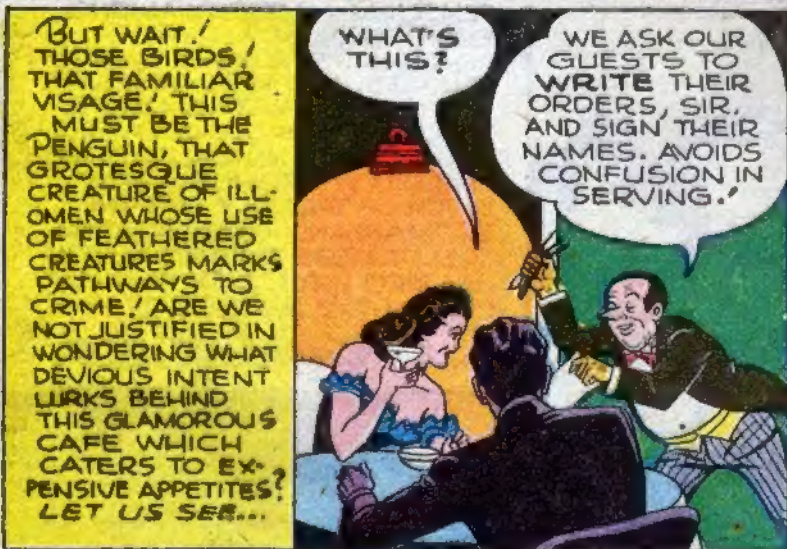
A GROTESQUE CHARACTER, THE PENGUIN, AN ODDITY AMONG EVIL-DOERS, A MAN WITH A PENCHANT FOR FISHY UNDERTAKINGS. AND HIS LATEST LURE FOR UNWARY VICTIMS LEADS TO LUDICROUS DOINGS AS THE VAINGLORIOUS VANDAL WITH THE UMBRELLA HATCHES A NEW BATCH OF TROUBLE FOR THE **BATMAN AND ROBIN**, FORCING THEM TO EGG ON THE BALEFUL JAILBIRD UNTIL THEY FINALLY LEARN THE SECRET OF —
"The Penguin's Nest!"



ON ONE OF GOTHAM CITY'S RICHEST STREETS, A NEW CAFE, CATERING TO THE PALATE OF THE GOURMET AND THE PURSE OF THE RICH, OPENS ITS DOORS..

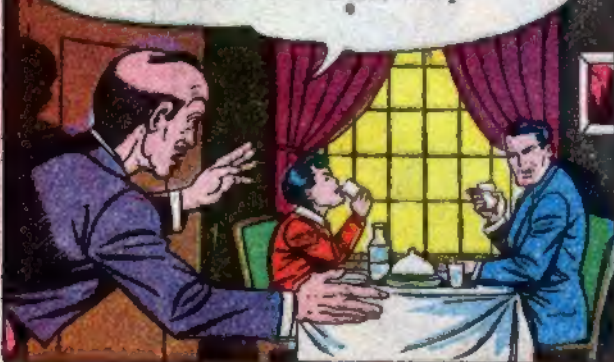


BUT WAIT! THOSE BIRDS! THAT FAMILIAR VISAGE! THIS MUST BE THE PENGUIN, THAT GROTESQUE CREATURE OF ILL-OMEN WHOSE USE OF FEATHERED CREATURES MARKS PATHWAYS TO CRIME! ARE WE NOT JUSTIFIED IN WONDERING WHAT DEVIANT INTENT LURKS BEHIND THIS GLAMOROUS CAFE WHICH CATERS TO EXPENSIVE APPETITES? LET US SEE...



MEANWHILE, AT THE HOME OF BRUCE WAYNE...

MAWSTER BRUCE, A CAFE HAS BEEN OPENED DOWN THE BLOCK BY THAT FRIGHTFUL PENGUIN PERSON!



YOU SURE THE PENGUIN OWNS THE CAFE, ALFRED?

HE SAYS SO, SIR!





MEANWHILE, IN THE KITCHEN...

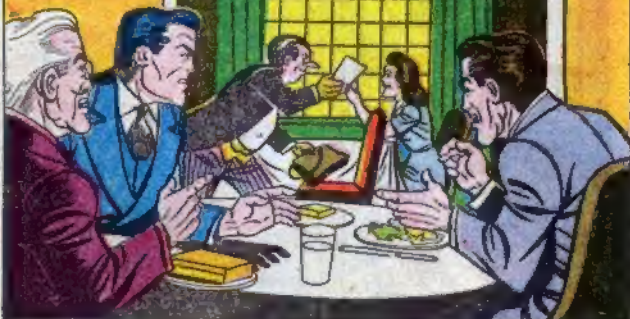
DOZENS OF SIGNATURES OF GREAT VALUE! AND WITH THE COMMISSIONER HERE, I'M READY TO PROCEED WITH MY PLAN.



SHORTLY, AT A TABLE ADJOINING GORDON'S...

WHAT DID I TELL YOU? LOOK!

HE'S PURSE-SNATCHING!



CAUGHT IN THE ACT, PENGUIN! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

OH, DEAR - NABBED ON THE WING!



THAT'S HIS RACKET! RUNNING A CAFE FOR THE RICH SO HE CAN LIFT PURSES! EXCUSE ME, BRUCE, I MUST GO!

GUESS WE'LL GO TOO, DICK!



WHAT'S THE HURRY?

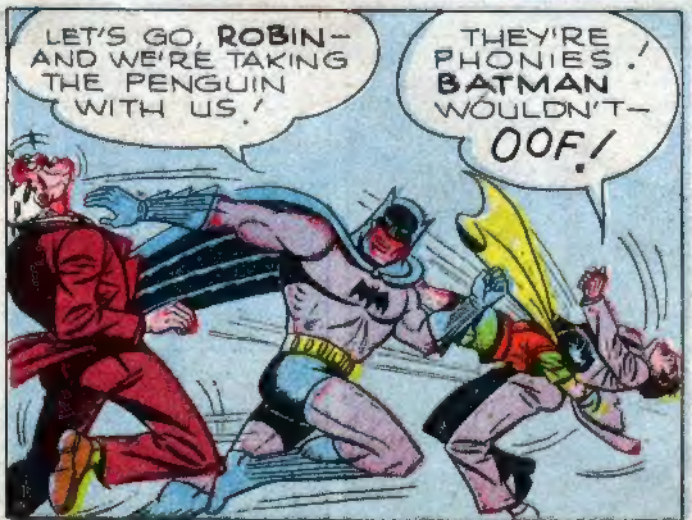
THE PEN JIN WOULDN'T SNATCH A PURSE RIGHT UNDER GORDON'S NOSE UNLESS HE WANTED TO BE CAUGHT!

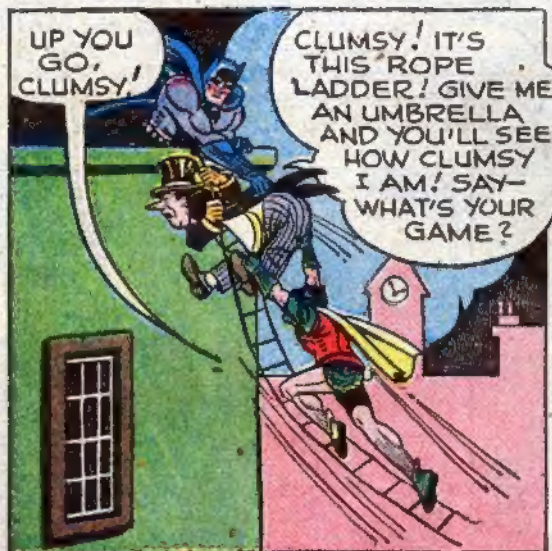


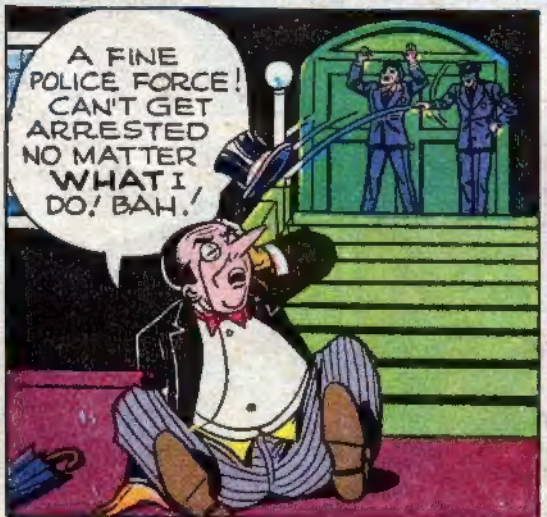
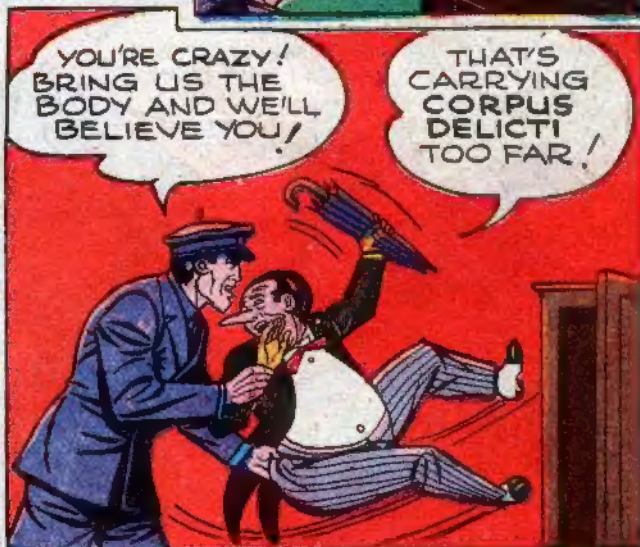
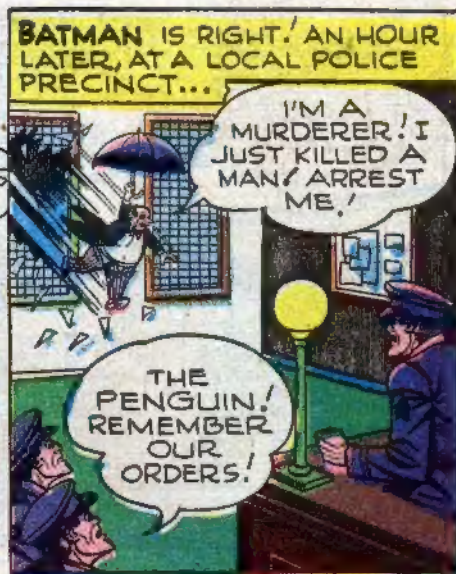
THAT'S TRUE! BUT WHY?

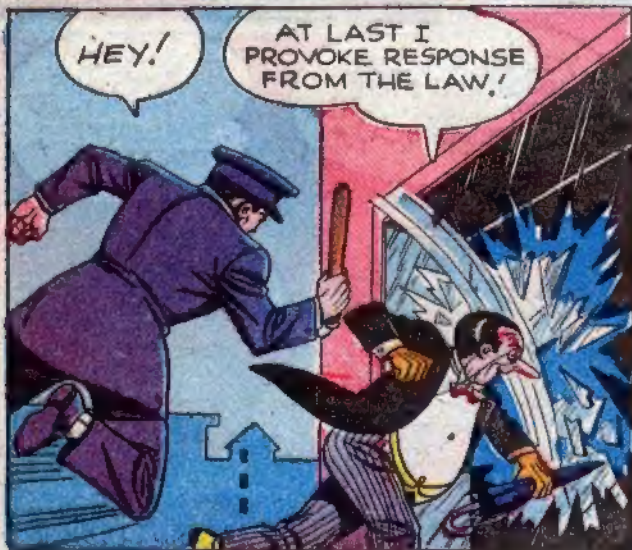
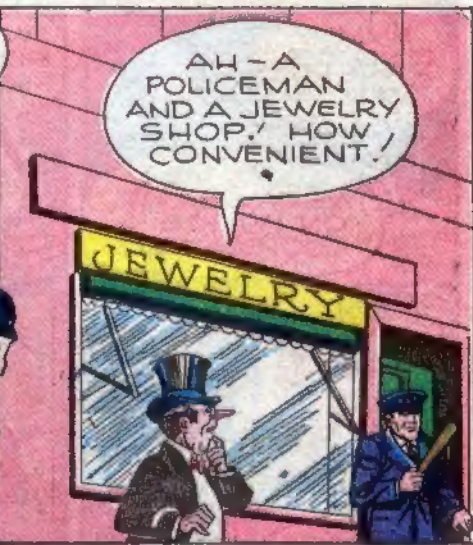
HURRY AND CHANGE! I DON'T KNOW WHY, BUT THE PENGUIN WANTS TO GO TO JAIL!

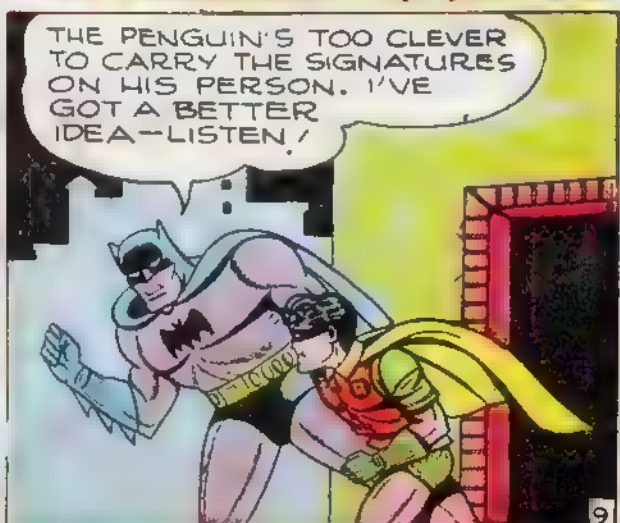
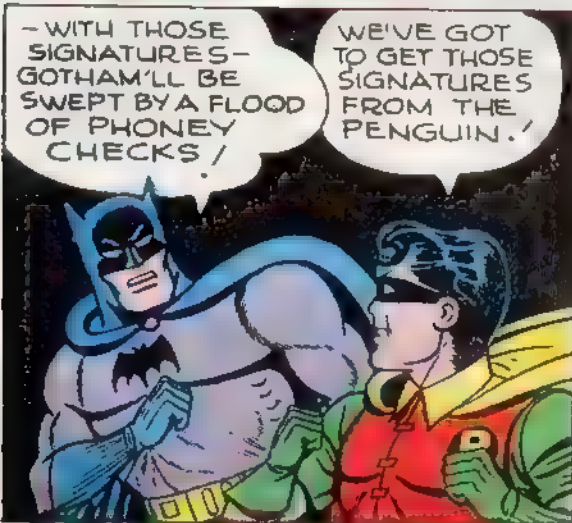
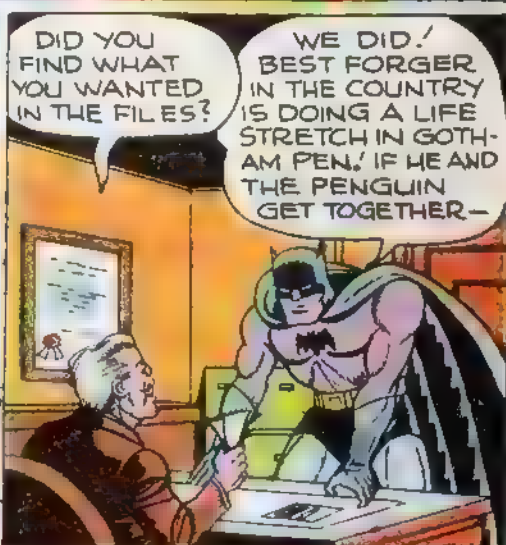
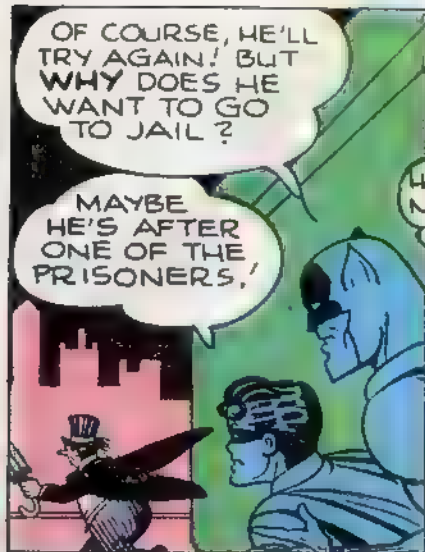














LATER, AT THE
NEST CAFE...

HERE'S
MY ORDER,
WAITER.

STICKNEY WITHERS!
THE BILLIONAIRE WHO
SIGNS FABULOUSLY
LARGE CHECKS. I'LL
FAINT. I MEAN,
I'M RICH—
ALMOST.



BACK IN THE KITCHEN, THE POMPOUS
PENGUIN CAVORTS IN SHEER DELIGHT
OVER HIS LATEST SIGNATURE...

WHAT'S
WRONG,
BOSS?
YOU GOT
FLEAS?

I'VE GOT STICKNEY
WITHERS'S SIGNATURE!
I'M RICH! HOORAY!



I WON'T NEED THESE
OTHER SIGNATURES
NOW. WITHERS'S
ALONE WILL MAKE
ME RICH!

YEAH—
IF YOU
CAN GET
ARRESTED.



LATER, AT BRUCE WAYNE'S
HOME...

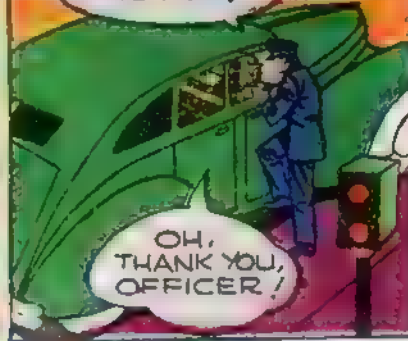
SO IT
WORKED!

IT DID!
THE PENGUIN
WILL NOW GET
ARRESTED. BUT THE
THIRTY DAY RAP HE
WANTS WILL LEAD
TO A GOOD LONG
STRETCH!



MEANWHILE, AT A BUSY
INTERSECTION...

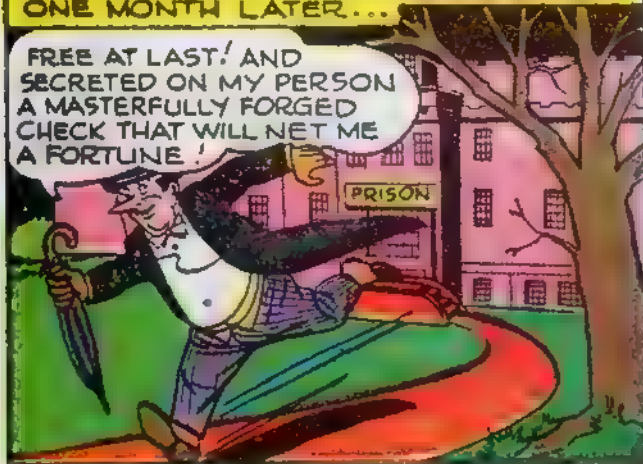
PASSIN' A RED LIGHT,
AND RECKLESS DRIVING!
YOU'LL GET 30 DAYS
FOR THIS!



OH,
THANK YOU,
OFFICER!

WHAT ARE THIRTY DAYS IN THE PENGUIN'S
JAIL-BIRD LIFE? A MERE TRIFLE! SO,
ONE MONTH LATER...

FREE AT LAST! AND
SECRETED ON MY PERSON
A MASTERFULLY FORGED
CHECK THAT WILL NET ME
A FORTUNE!



AT THE BANK...

I'LL TAKE
IT IN SMALL
BILLS!

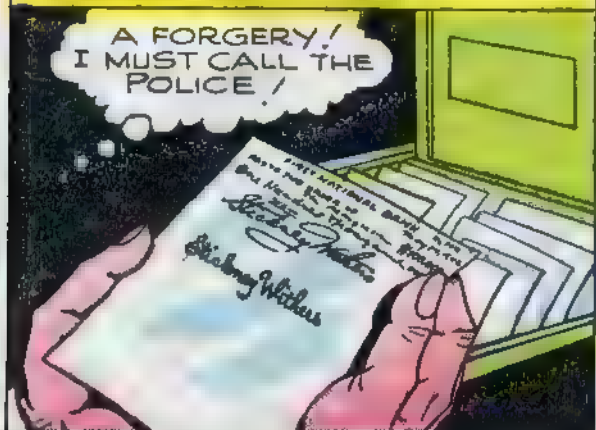
\$100,000?

OH, YES, A
STICKNEY WITHERS
CHECK. NOT UNUSUAL
FOR HIM! ONE MOMENT,
SIR! I'LL CHECK THE
SIGNATURE!

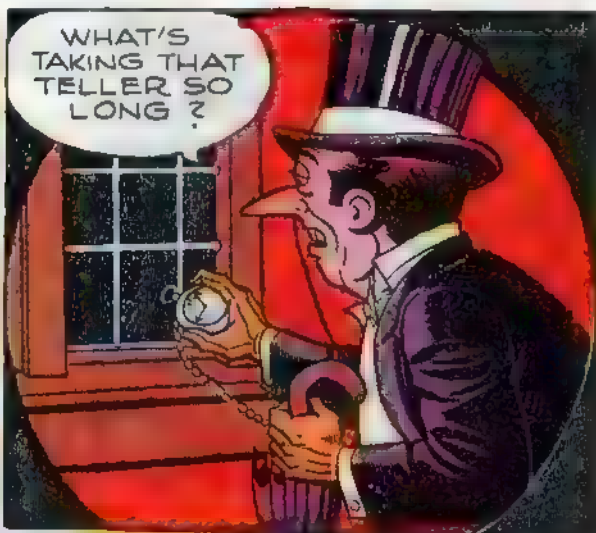


A PERFECT SPECIMEN OF THE FORGER'S ART—BUT, ALAS, A FORGERY OF THE **WRONG** SIGNATURE.

A FORGERY!
I MUST CALL THE POLICE!

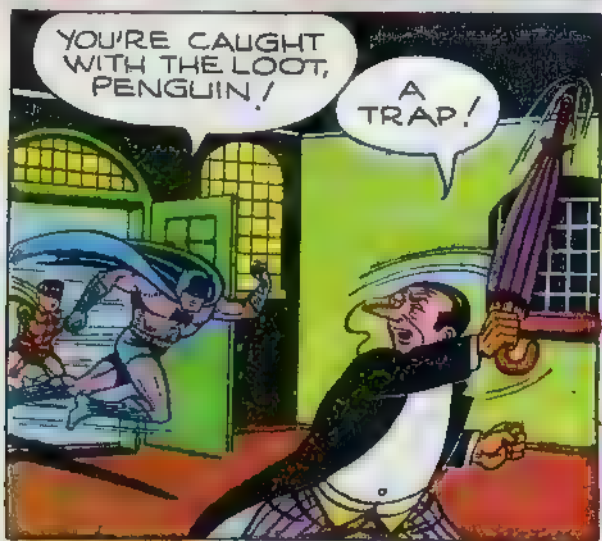


WHAT'S
TAKING THAT
TELLER SO
LONG?



YOU'RE CAUGHT
WITH THE LOOT,
PENGUIN!

A
TRAP!



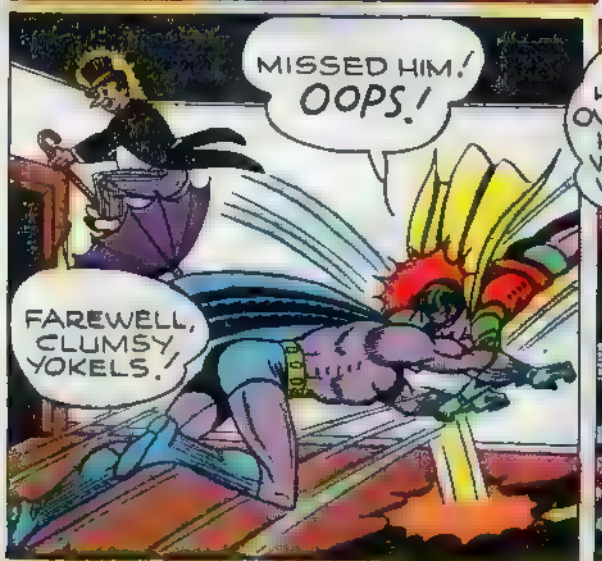
WE'VE
GOT A COOP
WAITING FOR
YOU, PENGUIN!

LET IT WAIT! AND HOW
DO YOU LIKE THIS
GADGET?



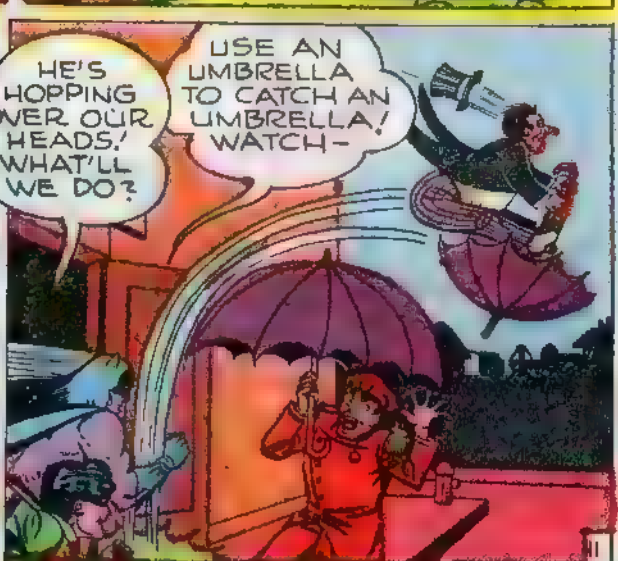
MISSED HIM!
OOPS!

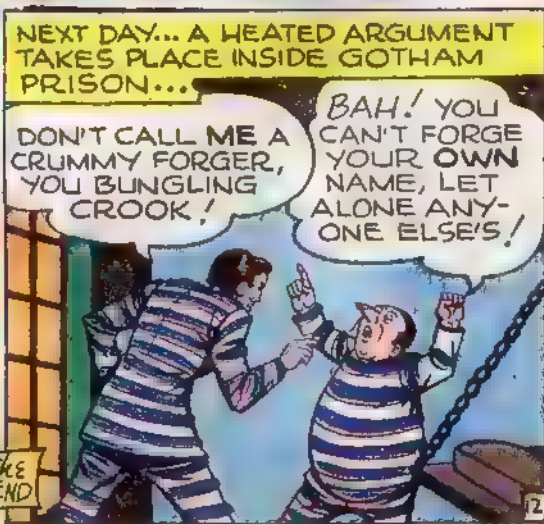
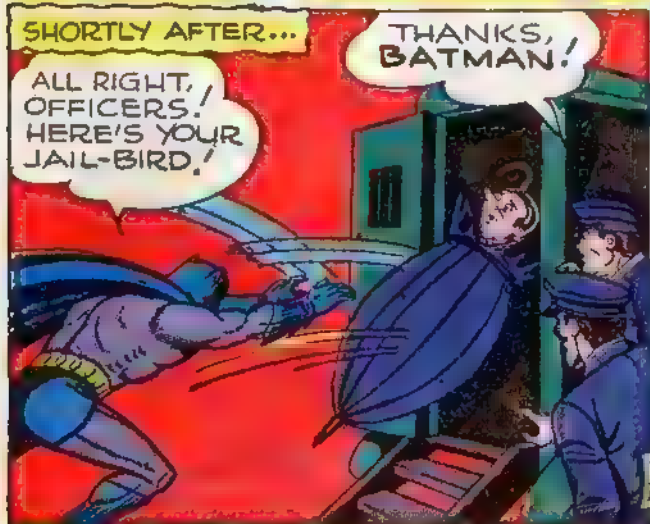
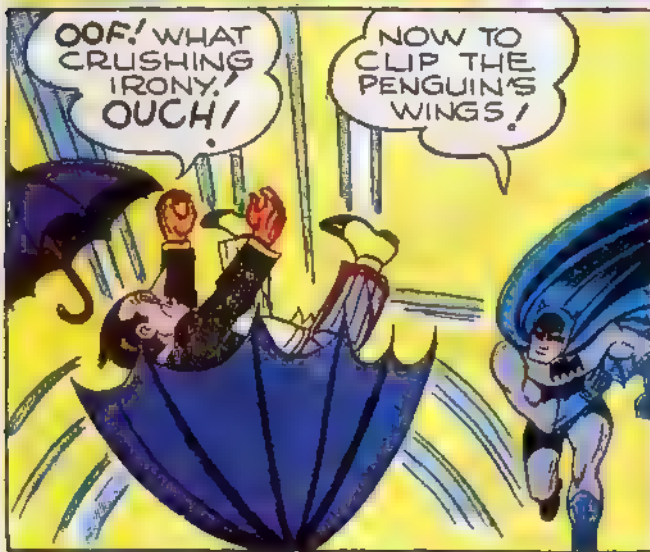
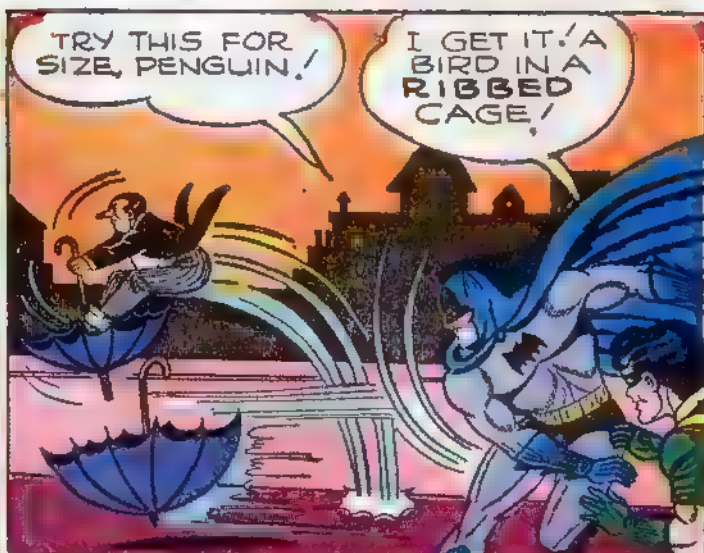
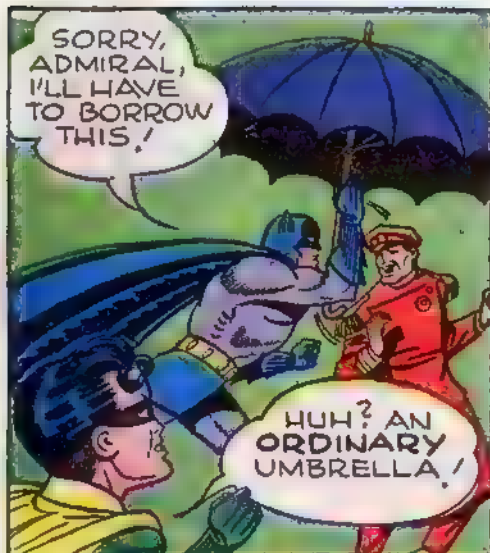
FAREWELL,
CLUMSY
YOKELS!



HE'S
HOPPING
OVER OUR
HEADS!
WHAT'LL
WE DO?

USE AN
UMBRELLA
TO CATCH AN
UMBRELLA!
WATCH—

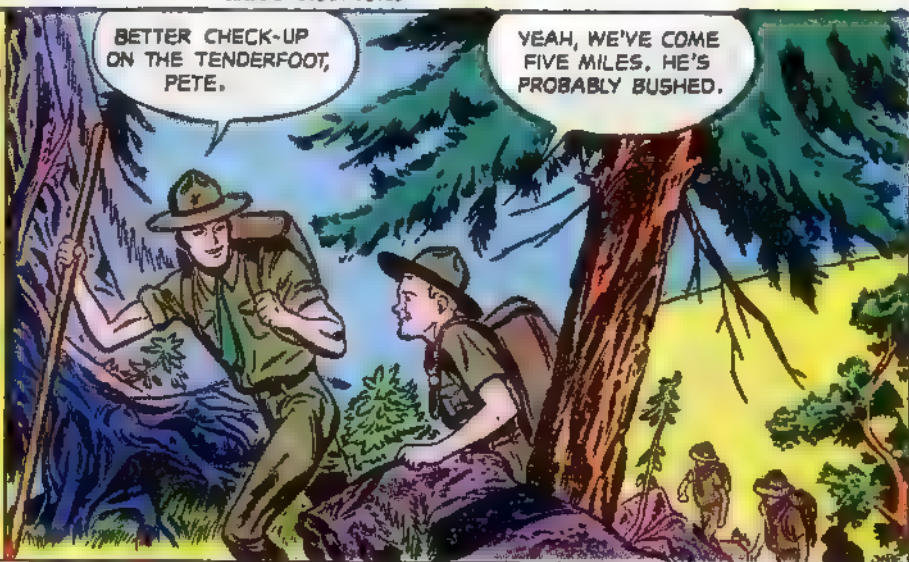




TENDER- FOOT HIS FEET WEREN'T SO TENDER

BETTER CHECK-UP
ON THE TENDERFOOT,
PETE.

YEAH, WE'VE COME
FIVE MILES. HE'S
PROBABLY BUSHED.



HOW ARE YOU
COMING, KID...
DOGS STARTING
TO BARK?

SHUCKS,
NO! I'M
WEARING
CANVAS SHOES
WITH "P-F".



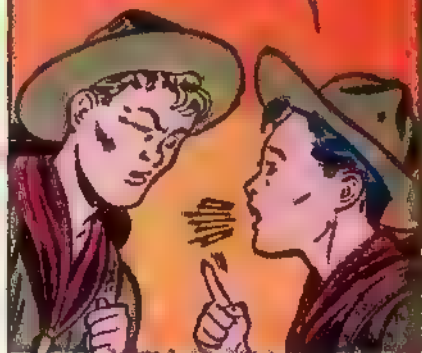
GREAT
STUFF,
KID,
BUT...

NO BUTS ABOUT "P-F".
IT MEANS POSTURE
FOUNDATION. IT HELPS
KEEP THE BONES OF YOUR
FEET IN THEIR NATURAL,
NORMAL POSITION.



THAT'S
SWELL,
ONLY...

"P-F" HELPS GUARD AGAINST
FLAT FEET AND HELPS
PREVENT TIRED, STRAINED
LEG MUSCLES, TOO.
BUT YOU HAVE TO BE
CAREFUL BECAUSE...



THE ONLY CANVAS SHOES
THAT HAVE "P-F" ARE MADE
BY B.F. GOODRICH OR THE
HOOD RUBBER CO.

LOOK, LOUDMOUTH, FOR THE LAST
15 MINUTES I'VE BEEN TRYING
TO TELL YOU... WE'RE ALL
WEARING CANVAS SHOES
WITH "P-F".



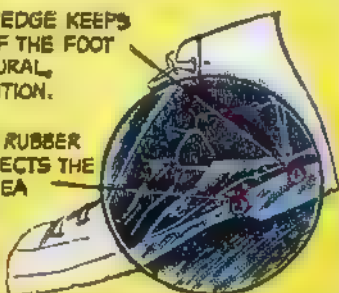
HOW "P-F" STEPS UP STAYING POWER

1. THIS RIGID WEDGE KEEPS THE BONES OF THE FOOT IN THEIR NATURAL, NORMAL POSITION.
2. THIS SPONGE RUBBER CUSHION PROTECTS THE SENSITIVE AREA OF THE FOOT.

"PF"

MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION--
A PATENTED FEATURE FOUND
ONLY IN CANVAS SHOES MADE BY

**B.F. Goodrich or
HOOD RUBBER CO.**



Stan HACK

HEAVY-HITTING, FANCY-FIELDING THIRD BASEMAN OF THE CHAMPION CHICAGO CUBS



HACK IS A THREE-WAY CHAMPION -- CHAMPION HITTER, CHAMPION FIELDER, AND CHAMPION BASE RUNNER. HE LED THE LEAGUE IN STOLEN BASES ONE SEASON, TIED FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP ANOTHER SEASON

WE'RE GOING ON THE ROAD

IT'S AN IMPORTANT GAME!

"THE BEST WAY I KNOW TO LEAD OFF THE DAY IS WITH A BIG BREAKFAST," SAYS FAMOUS LEAD-OFF MAN HACK, "STARTING WITH LOTS OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, 'BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS.' WHEATIES ARE NOURISHING AND SWELL EATING. I LIKE FLAVOR IN MY BREAKFAST. THAT'S WHY I HAVE WHEATIES AT HOME AND ON THE ROAD."

A 14-CARAT CHAMPION, HACK PLAYS HIS BEST WHEN IT COUNTS THE MOST. HIS BATTING AVERAGE IN 4 WORLD'S SERIES: .355 HIS SLUGGING AVERAGE IN 4 ALL-STAR GAMES: .400

LOOK FOR ME ON PAGE 19

STAN HACK IS ANOTHER OF 24 BIG-LEAGUE STARS FEATURED IN WHEATIES NEW BASEBALL BOOK. WATCH YOUR WHEATIES PACKAGE FOR ANNOUNCEMENT OF "WANT TO BE A BASEBALL CHAMPION?" (THE OFFENSIVE GAME) BY ETHAN ALLEN. BE SURE TO GET YOUR COPY!



BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN

-THE BOY WONDER-

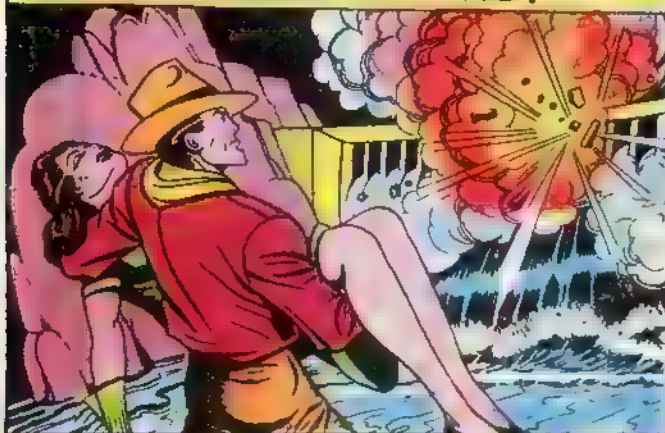
STUNT MAN!

WHEN A THRILLER IS BEING FILMED, HE'S THE ONE WHO CRASHES THE PLANES, DIVES OFF THE CLIFFS AND OTHERWISE PLAYS TAG WITH DEATH- TO SAVE THE STAR'S PROFILE, IF NOT HIS NECK!... AND WHEN AUDACIOUS ROBBERIES ARE COMMITTED BY ONE USING THE TACTICS OF SUCH AN ARTIST AT DEATH-CHEATING, **BATMAN AND ROBIN** FIND THEIR OWN SPECTACULAR CRIME-SMASHING TECHNIQUE CHALLENGED AS NEVER BEFORE AS THEY PURSUE A DAREDEVIL-

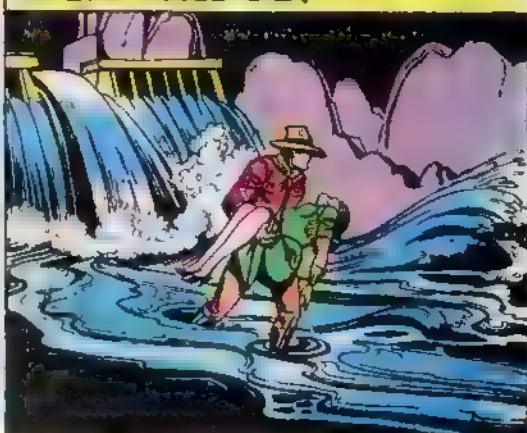
"STAND-IN FOR DANGER!"



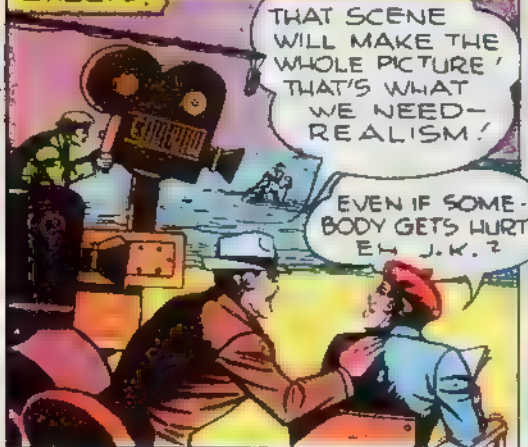
OUTLAWS BLAST THE GILA GORGE DAM... AND ROYAL STANHOPE, TWO-FISTED LAWMAN OF THE SILVER SCREEN, CAN SAVE HIMSELF BY FORSAKING THE FAINTING HEROINE! **WILL HE?**



NO! A STALWART FIGURE BRACES HIMSELF AGAINST THE TIDAL WAVE, PREPARED TO SACRIFICE HIS OWN LIFE, IF NEED BE.



AND AT A SAFE DISTANCE, WHERE CAMERAS PICK UP THE THRILLING SCENE, PRODUCER JOHN KENDALL EXULTS!



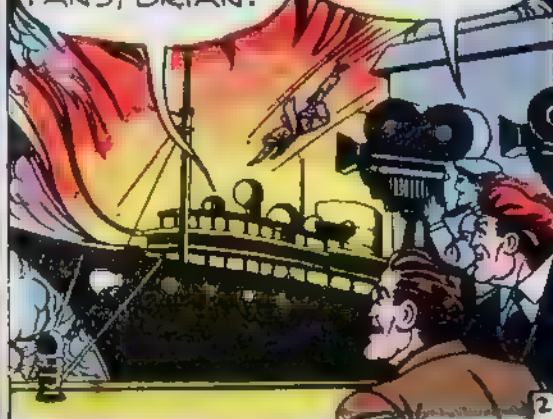
BUT THIS SCENE, MOMENTS LATER, WILL NEVER BE SCREENED FOR ROYAL STANHOPE'S FANS...



ANOTHER DAY, ANOTHER PICTURE... AND THIS TIME DETECTIVE WALTER BRIAN MUST BRAVE ROARING FLAMES TO GET THE EVIDENCE HE WANTS.



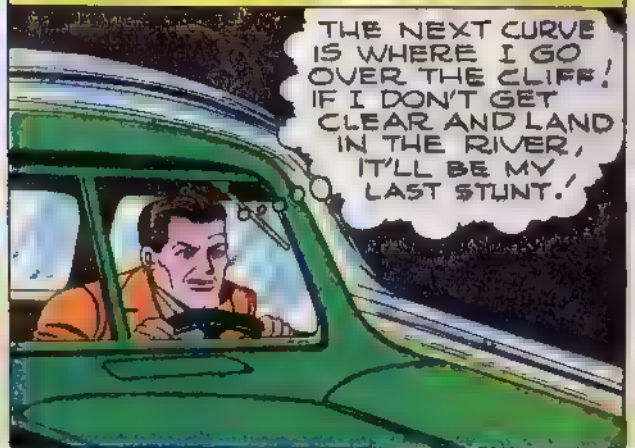
THIS WILL GO OVER BIG WITH YOUR FANS, BRIAN.



AND THIS IS THE MAN WHO MAKES THE SCREEN'S MOST SPINE-TINGLING MOMENTS... WHO TAKES THE RISKS AND LIVES BY CHEATING DEATH- AND LIKES IT! NOW STAND-IN FOR A HERO, NOW FOR A VILLAIN- BUT ALWAYS A DAREDEVIL IN HIS OWN RIGHT- THAT'S JERRY MCGLONE!

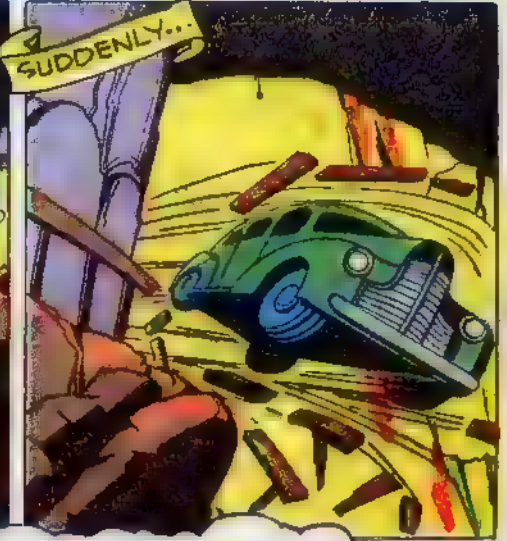
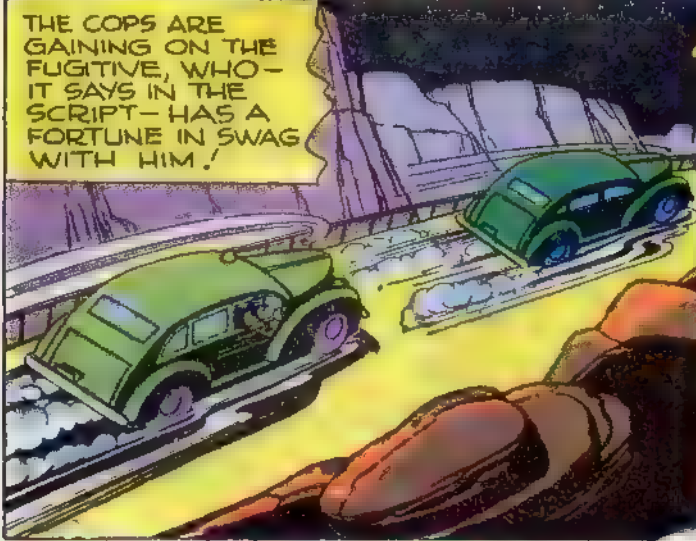


THIS TIME HE'S ABOUT TO TAKE SOME JOLTS FOR THE MASTER-CROOK FEATURED IN "THE PHANTOM BANDIT..."

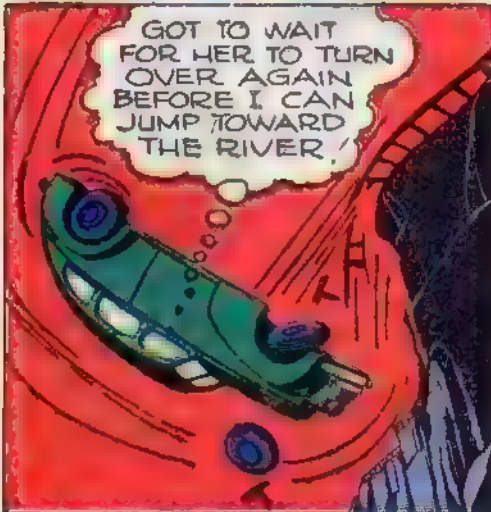


THE NEXT CURVE IS WHERE I GO OVER THE CLIFF! IF I DON'T GET CLEAR AND LAND IN THE RIVER, IT'LL BE MY LAST STUNT!

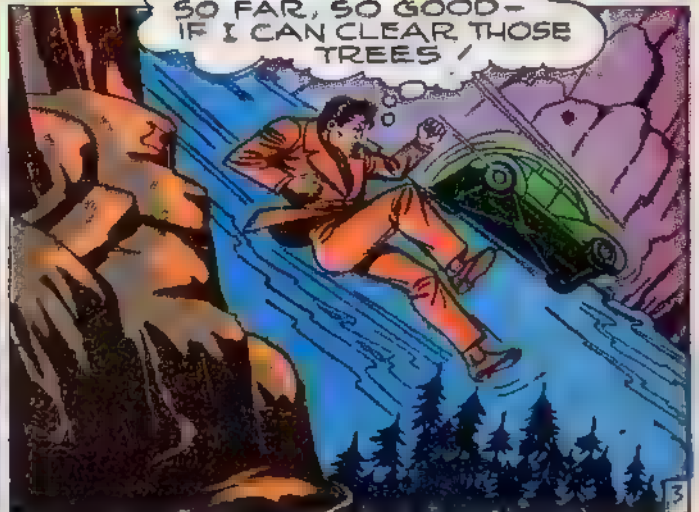
THE COPS ARE GAINING ON THE FUGITIVE, WHO- IT SAYS IN THE SCRIPT- HAS A FORTUNE IN SWAG WITH HIM!



GOT TO WAIT FOR HER TO TURN OVER AGAIN BEFORE I CAN JUMP TOWARD THE RIVER!



SO FAR, SO GOOD- IF I CAN CLEAR THOSE TREES!



AND NOW, HOLLYWOOD HAS A REAL-LIFE MYSTERY!

HE WAS FALLING TOWARD THE RIVER! HE MUST HAVE BEEN SWEEPED DOWNSTREAM AND DROWNED!

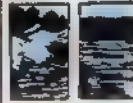
POOR JERRY! BESIDES BEING THE BEST STUNT MAN I EVER KNEW, HE WAS ONE SWELL GUY!



Los Angeles Echo

STUNT MAN MISSING AFTER DRIVING CAR OVER LOFTY CLIFF!

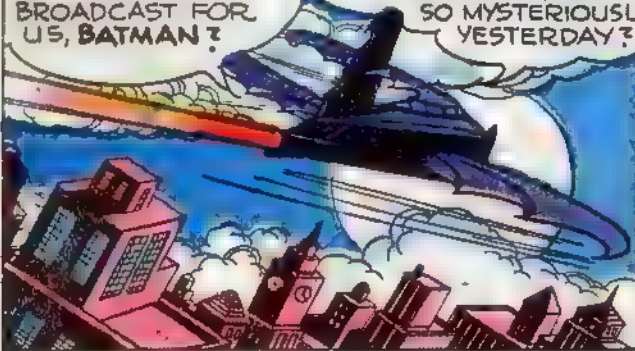
JERRY MCGLONE BELIEVED SWEEPED TO DEATH IN RIVER.



NEXT DAY, WE FIND THE ROCKET-POWERED BATPLANE STREAKING WESTWARD FROM GOTHAM CITY, BOUND FROM COAST TO COAST!

ANY IDEA WHY EXTRA-COLOSSAL FILMS SENT OUT THAT SPECIAL BROADCAST FOR US, BATMAN?

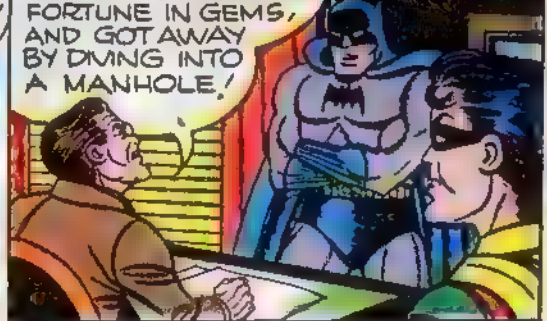
MAYBE, ROBIN! REMEMBER THE STUNT MAN WHO DISAPPEARED SO MYSTERIOUSLY YESTERDAY?



PRESENTLY...

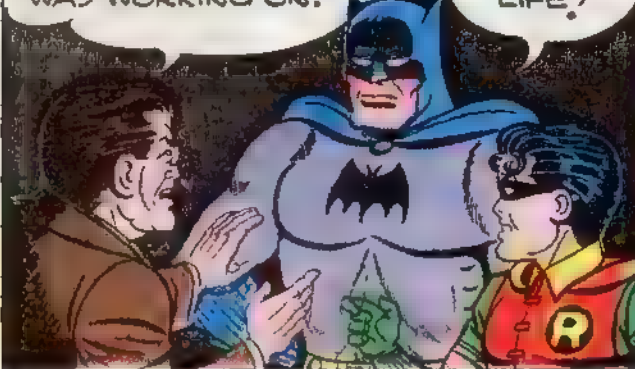
BATMAN, THIS MORNING A MAN DROVE A MOTORCYCLE THROUGH A JEWELER'S WINDOW, GRABBED A FORTUNE IN GEMS, AND GOT AWAY BY DIVING INTO A MANHOLE!

INTERESTING... BUT I STILL DON'T SEE—



LET ME FINISH! EVERYTHING THAT MAN DID WAS WRITTEN INTO THE SCRIPT OF "THE PHANTOM BANDIT—THE ONE JERRY MCGLONE WAS WORKING ON."

I GET IT! YOU THINK HE'S ALIVE AND TRYING TO ACT OUT THE SCRIPT IN REAL LIFE!



NO, I DON'T! THERE NEVER WAS ANYTHING CROOKED ABOUT JERRY! AND YET... I'LL BE HANGED IF I CAN THINK WHO ELSE COULD HAVE DONE IT!

HMM... SUPPOSE YOU LET ROBIN AND ME LOOK AT THAT SCRIPT!



TWO HOURS LATER, IN THE FINANCIAL DISTRICT OF LOS ANGELES...

A COP ESCORTING A BANK MESSENGER! JUST WHAT I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR!



SEEMINGLY OUT OF A CLEAR SKY, A FLYING FIGURE POUNCES—

I'LL TAKE IT FROM HERE, IF YOU DON'T MIND!

WHAT-!

HEY!



—AND ESCAPES!

STOP HIM! HE'S GETTING AWAY WITH \$40,000!

HALT!



OR DOES HE?... HO, HO, HO! PHANTOM PHELAN FOOLS I'EM EVERY TIME!



BATMAN! ROBIN! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

WAITING FOR YOU! WE HAD AN IDEA WHERE TO LOOK, AND SAW YOU IN THAT OTHER WINDOW, AND GUESSED THE LENGTH OF YOUR WIRE AND WHERE IT WOULD SWING YOU!



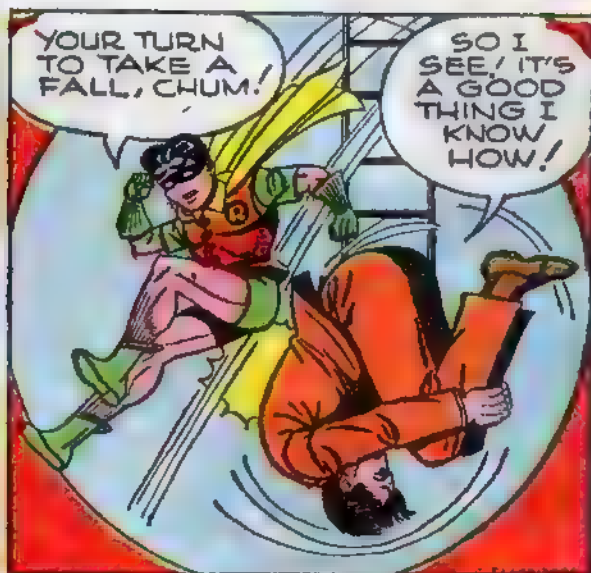
LUCKY FOR ME THIS IS A PHOTO STUDIO! THIS FLOOD LAMP IS JUST WHAT I NEED!

I CAN'T SEE!



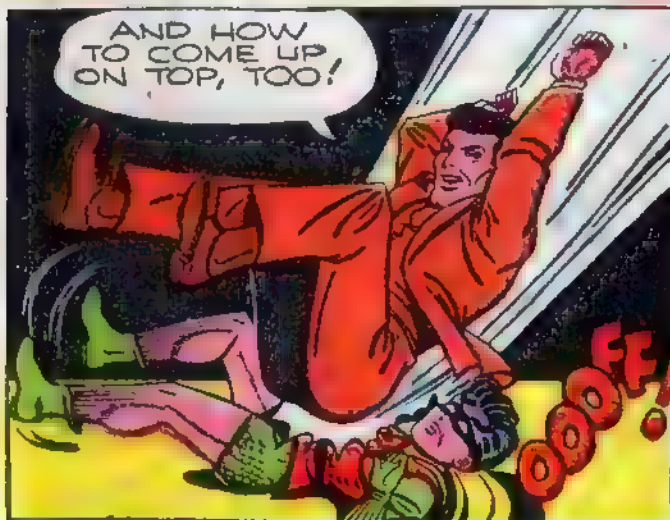


HAVE SOME MONEY! I CAN GET MORE ANY TIME!



YOUR TURN TO TAKE A FALL, CHUM!

SO I SEE! IT'S A GOOD THING I KNOW HOW!



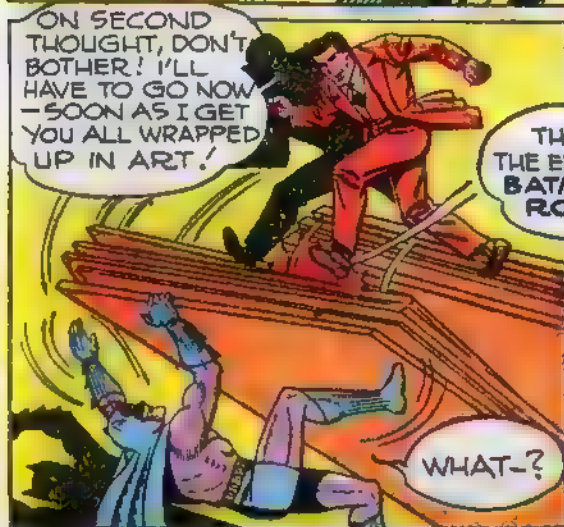
AND HOW TO COME UP ON TOP, TOO!

OOOOF!



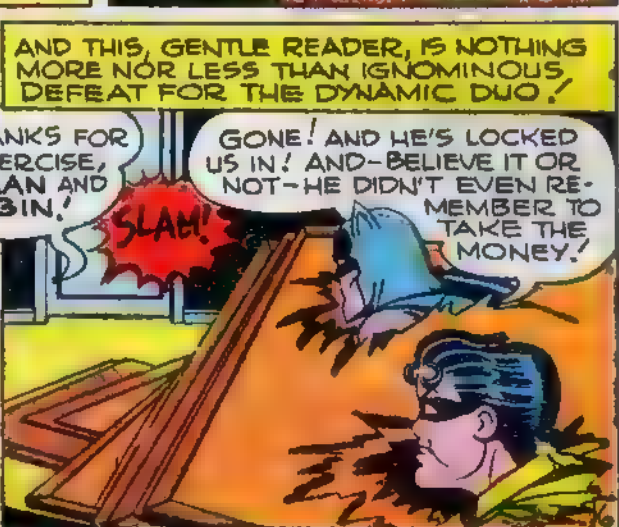
HOW ABOUT COMING UP AFTER ME?

WE'LL DO THAT, NOW THAT WE'VE GOT YOU TREED!



ON SECOND THOUGHT, DON'T BOTHER! I'LL HAVE TO GO NOW - SOON AS I GET YOU ALL WRAPPED UP IN ART!

WHAT-?

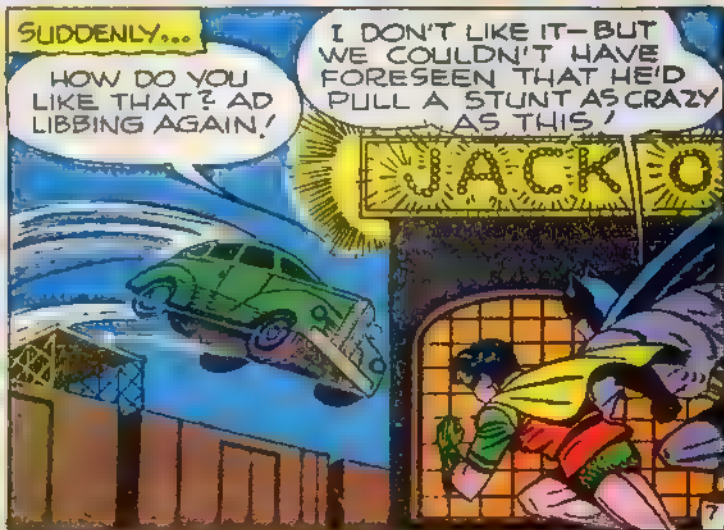
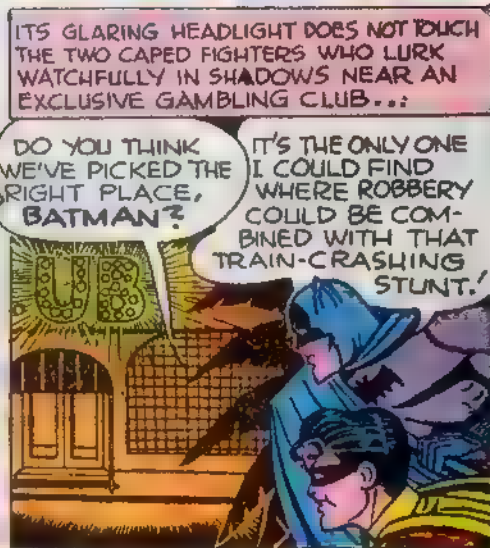
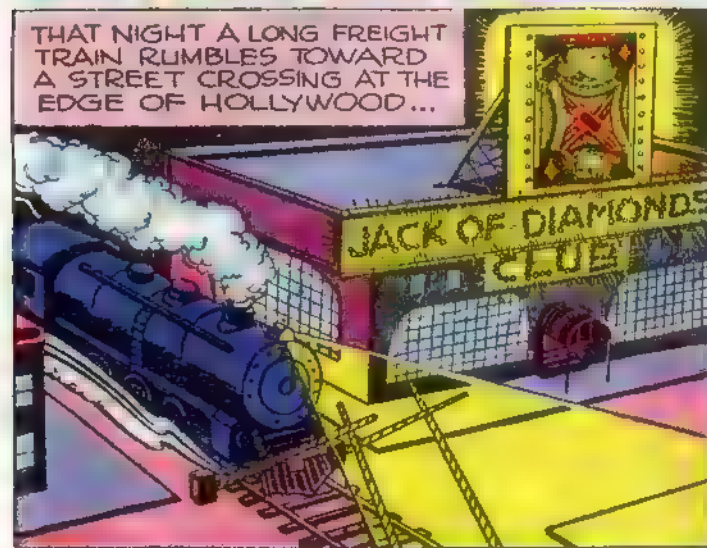
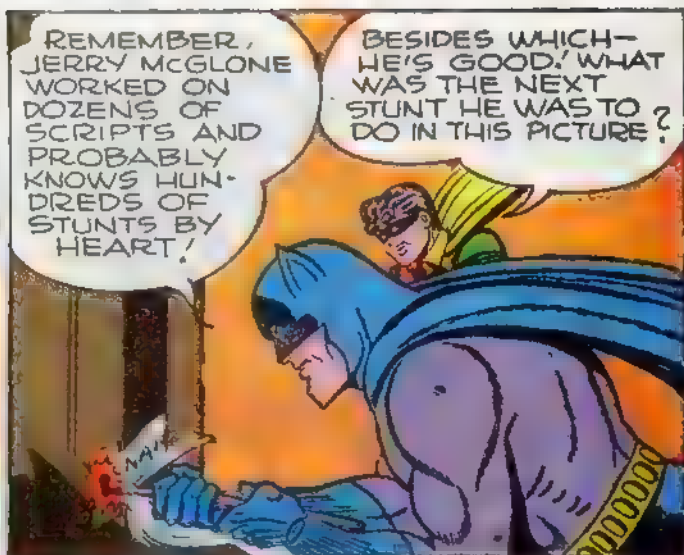
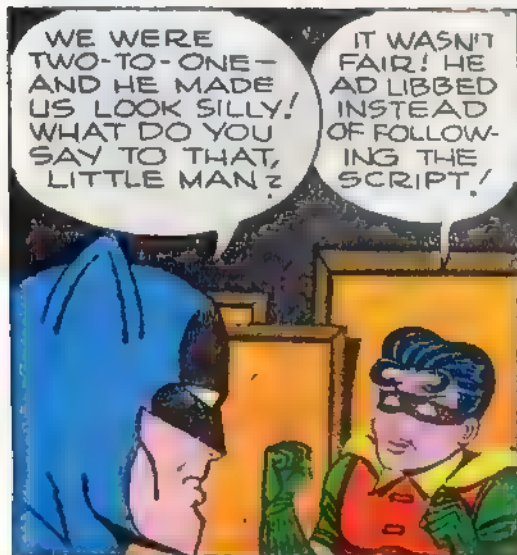


AND THIS, GENTLE READER, IS NOTHING MORE NOR LESS THAN IGNOMINIOUS DEFEAT FOR THE DYNAMIC DUO!

THANKS FOR THE EXERCISE, BATMAN AND ROBIN!

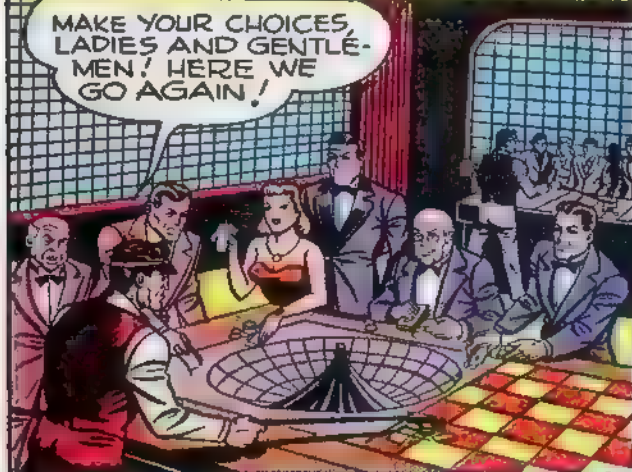
SLAM!

GONE! AND HE'S LOCKED US IN! AND-BELIEVE IT OR NOT-HE DIDN'T EVEN REMEMBER TO TAKE THE MONEY!



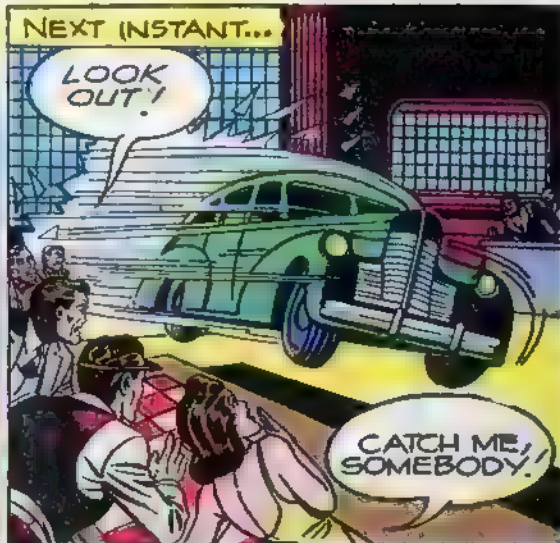
IN THE GLITTERING GAME ROOM OF THE JACK OF DIAMONDS CLUB...

MAKE YOUR CHOICES, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! HERE WE GO AGAIN!



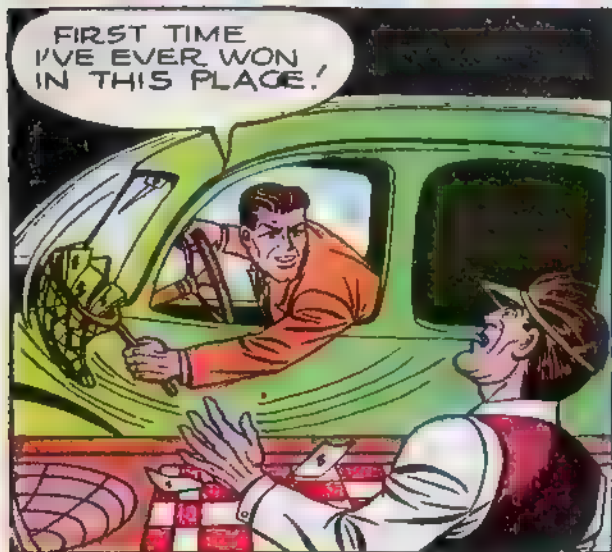
NEXT INSTANT...

LOOK OUT!



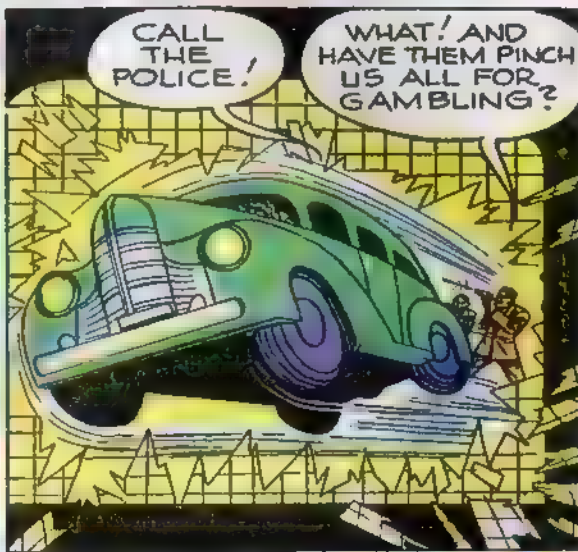
CATCH ME, SOMEBODY!

FIRST TIME I'VE EVER WON IN THIS PLACE!



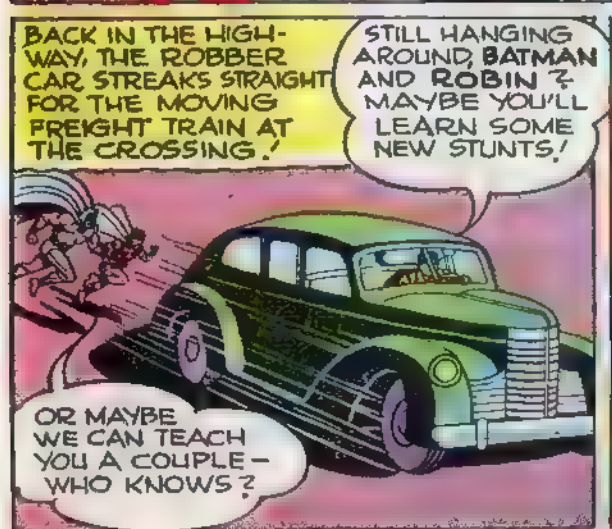
CALL THE POLICE!

WHAT! AND HAVE THEM PINCH US ALL FOR GAMBLING?



BACK IN THE HIGHWAY, THE ROBBER CAR STREAKS STRAIGHT FOR THE MOVING FREIGHT TRAIN AT THE CROSSING!

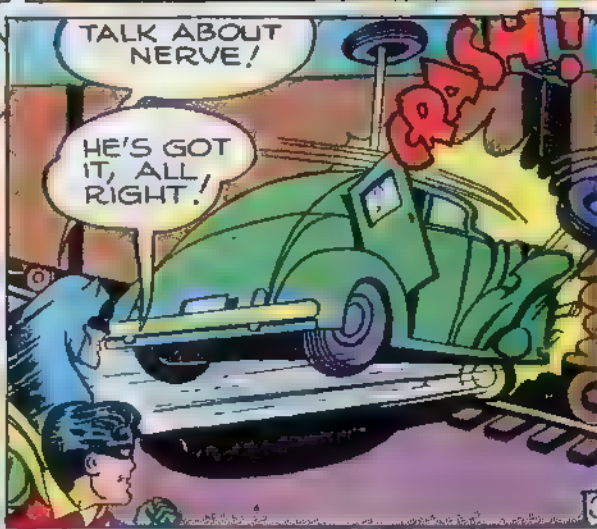
STILL HANGING AROUND, BATMAN AND ROBIN? MAYBE YOU'LL LEARN SOME NEW STUNTS!



OR MAYBE WE CAN TEACH YOU A COUPLE—WHO KNOWS?

TALK ABOUT NERVE!

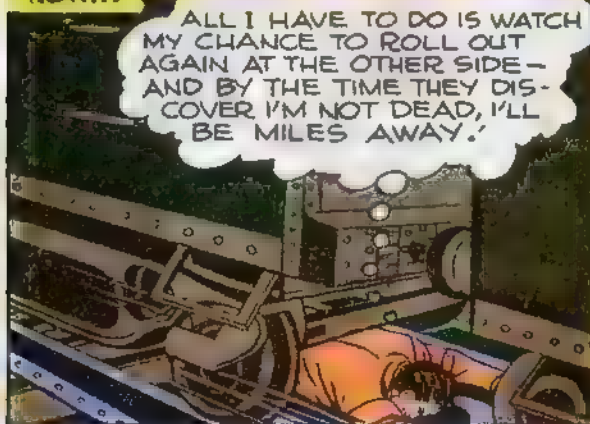
HE'S GOT IT, ALL RIGHT!





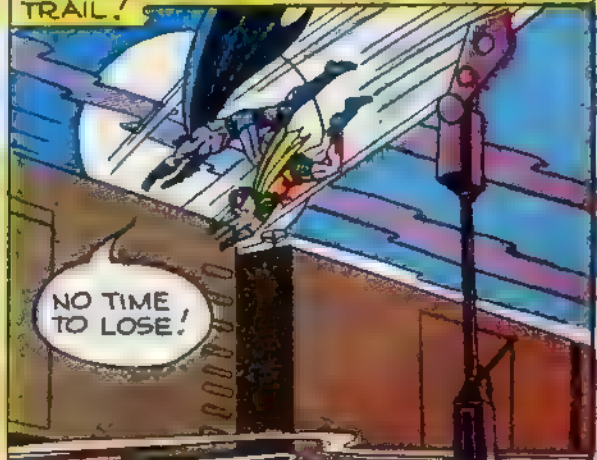
AND WHAT OF THE DRIVER? A SPLIT SECOND BEFORE THE CRASH, HE LEAPED HEADLONG, WITH PERFECT TIMING, BETWEEN THE WHEEL TRUCKS OF ONE OF THE FREIGHT CARS—AND NOW...

ALL I HAVE TO DO IS WATCH MY CHANCE TO ROLL OUT AGAIN AT THE OTHER SIDE—AND BY THE TIME THEY DISCOVER I'M NOT DEAD, I'LL BE MILES AWAY!



BUT ALREADY—HAVING READ OF THIS NEAR-SUICIDAL STUNT IN THE SCRIPT—BATMAN AND ROBIN ARE ON JERRY MCGLONE'S TRAIL!

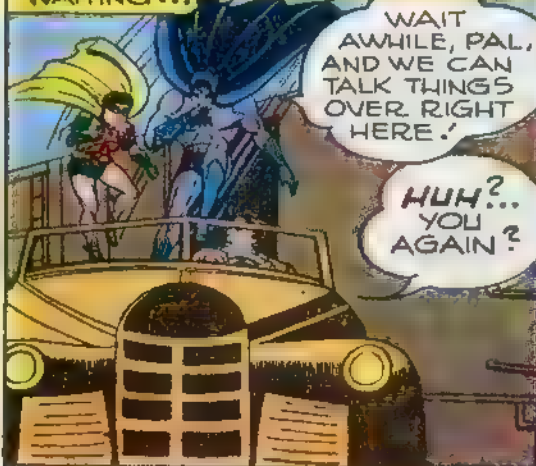
NO TIME TO LOSE!



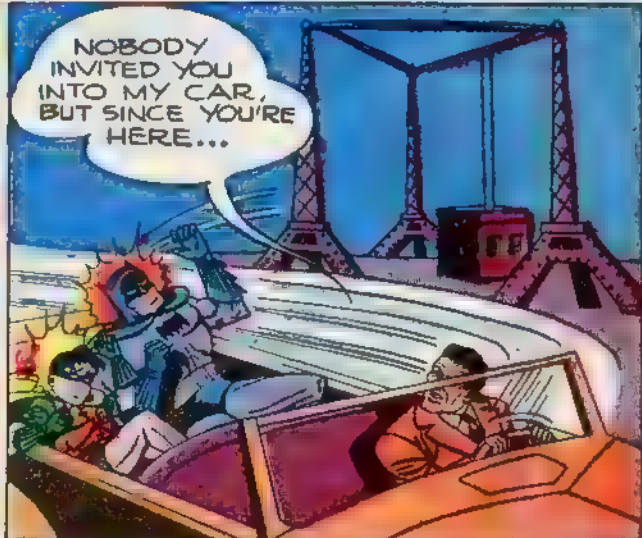
AND AS THE DAREDEVIL STEPS INTO THE GETAWAY CAR HE HAS HAD WAITING...

WAIT AWHILE, PAL, AND WE CAN TALK THINGS OVER RIGHT HERE!

HUH?... YOU AGAIN?

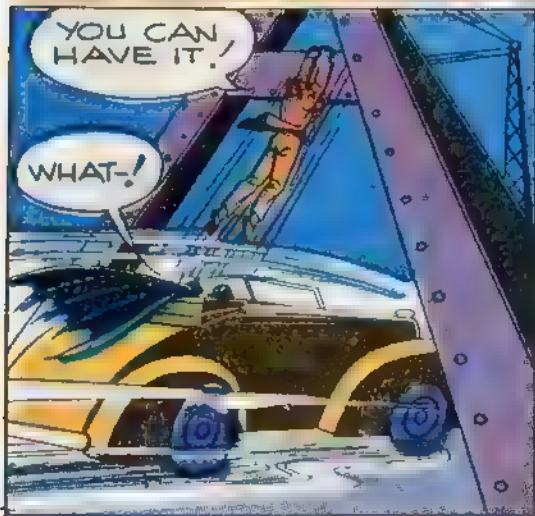


NOBODY INVITED YOU INTO MY CAR, BUT SINCE YOU'RE HERE...



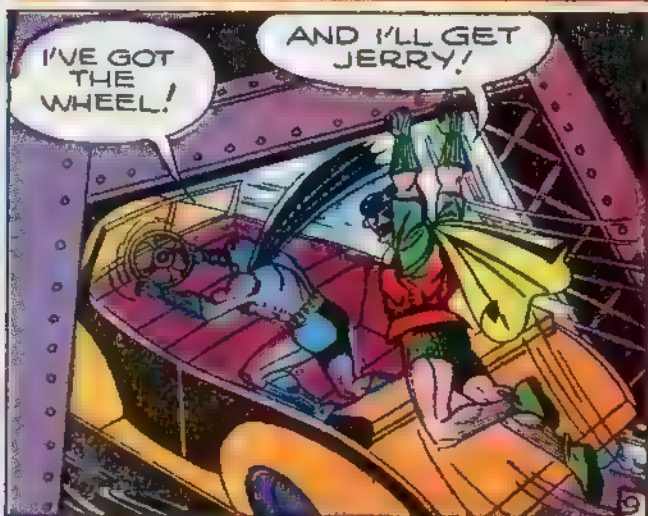
YOU CAN HAVE IT!

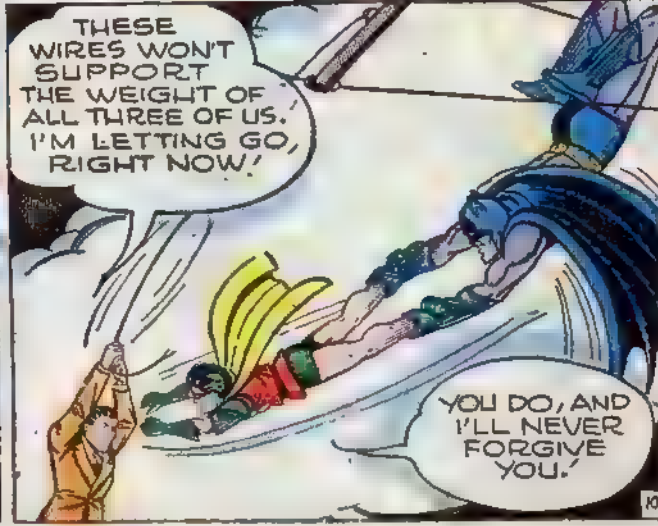
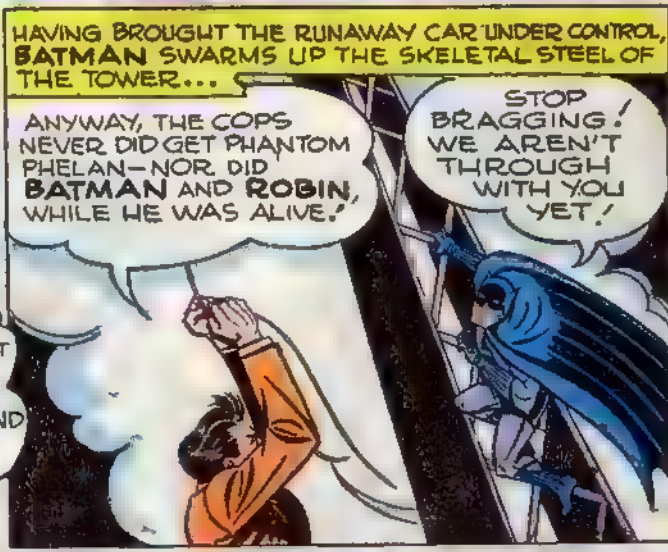
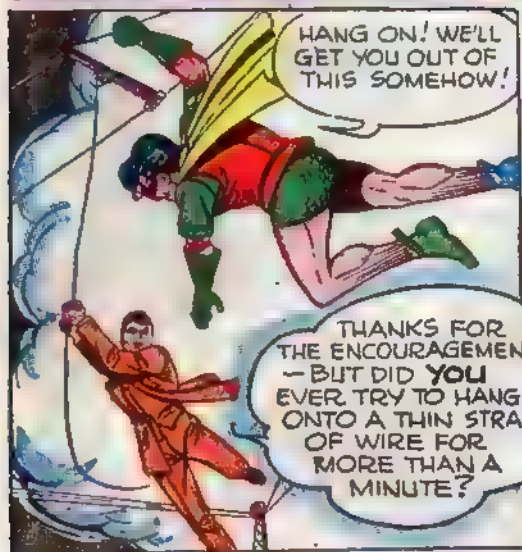
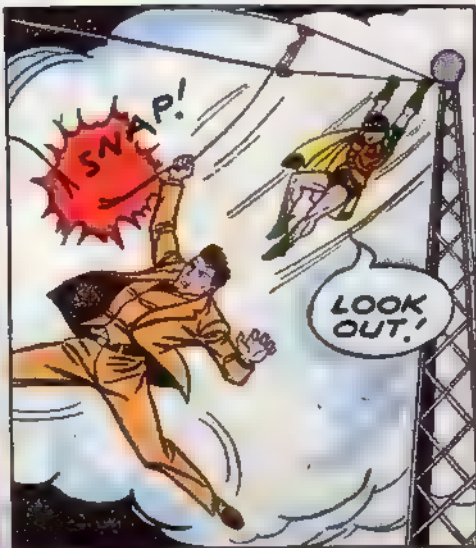
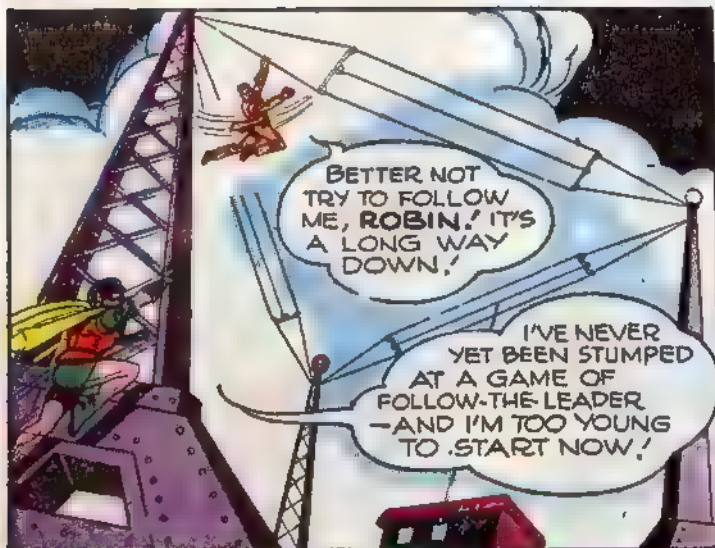
WHAT-!

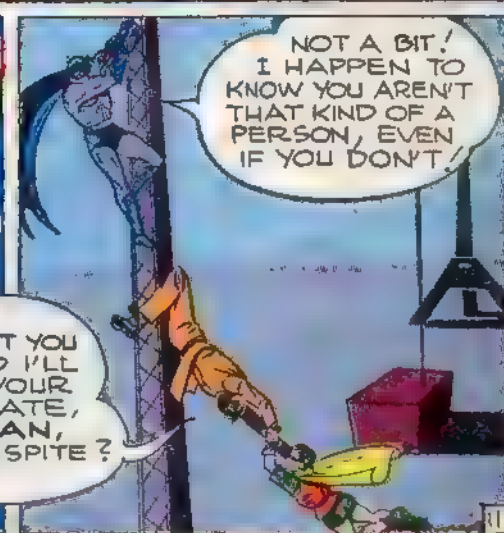
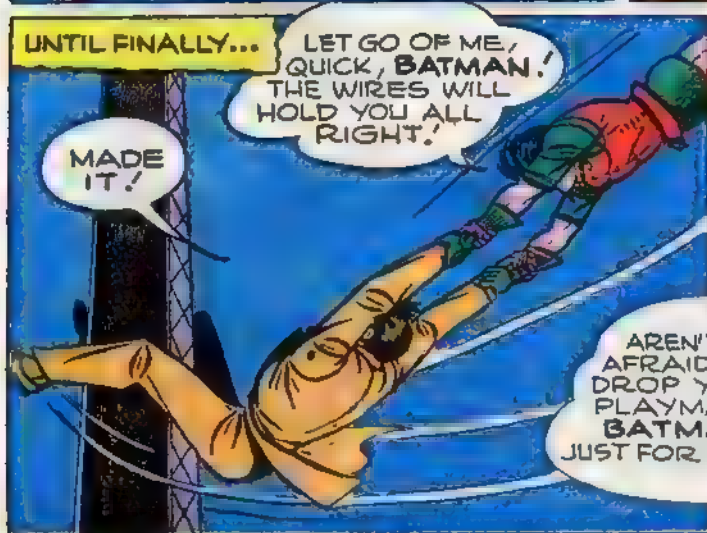
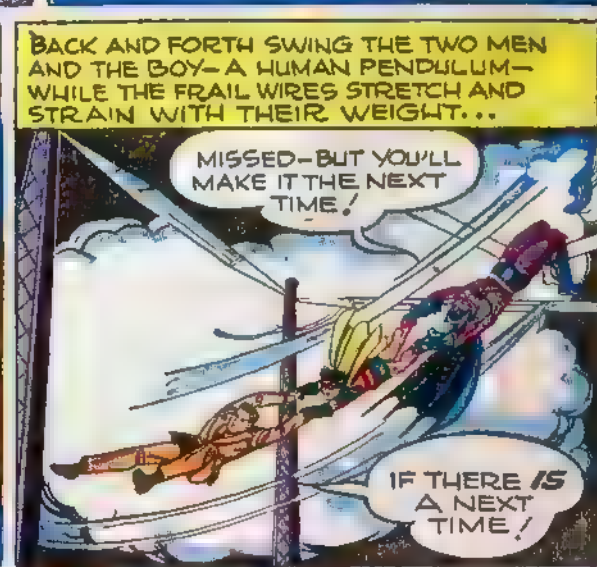
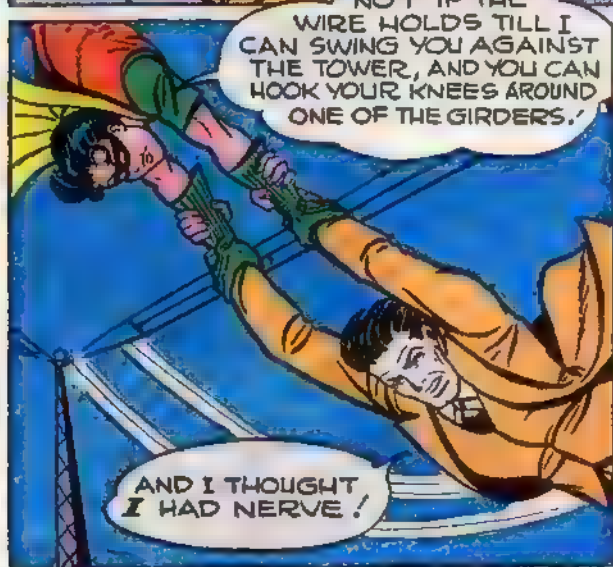
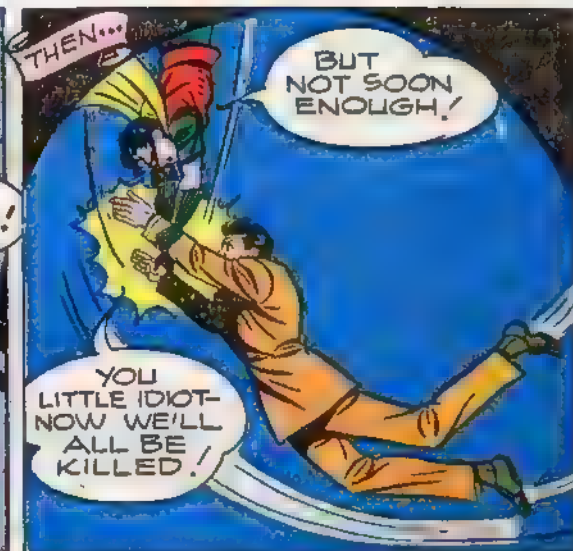
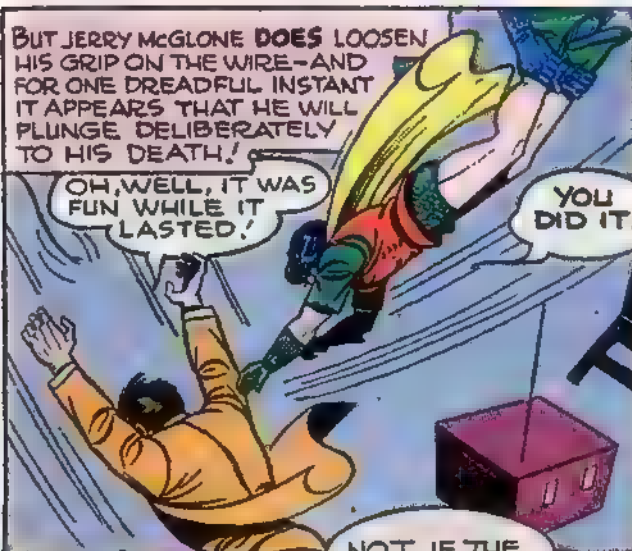


I'VE GOT THE WHEEL!

AND I'LL GET JERRY!







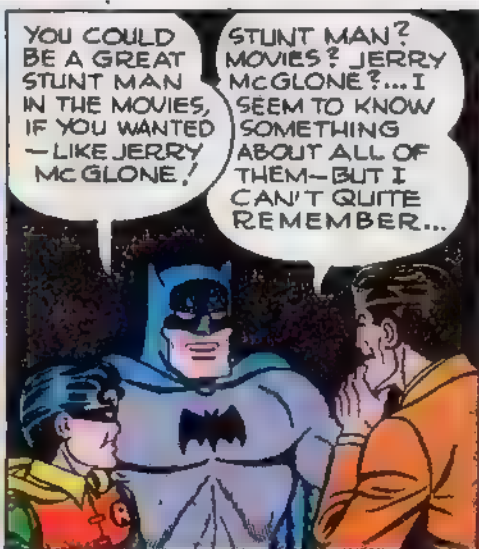
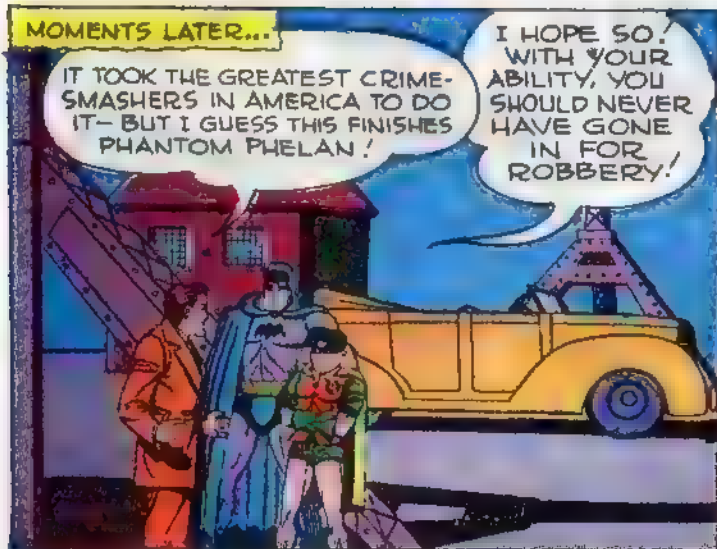
MOMENTS LATER...

IT TOOK THE GREATEST CRIME-SMASHERS IN AMERICA TO DO IT— BUT I GUESS THIS FINISHES PHANTOM PHELAN!

I HOPE SO! WITH YOUR ABILITY, YOU SHOULD NEVER HAVE GONE IN FOR ROBBERY!

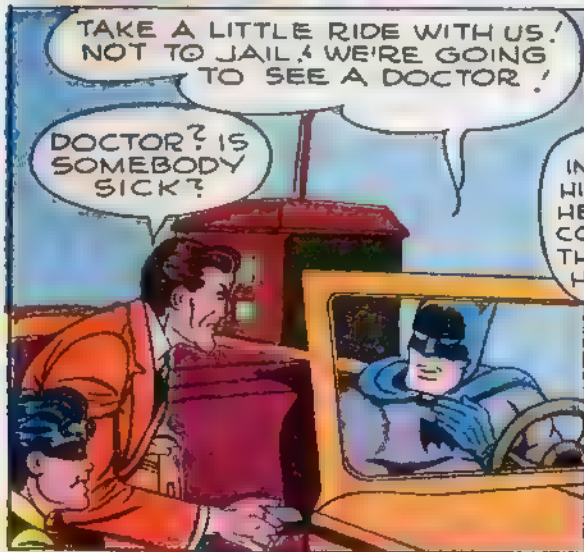
YOU COULD BE A GREAT STUNT MAN IN THE MOVIES, IF YOU WANTED— LIKE JERRY MCGLONE!

STUNT MAN? MOVIES? JERRY MCGLONE?... I SEEM TO KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT ALL OF THEM— BUT I CAN'T QUITE REMEMBER...



TAKE A LITTLE RIDE WITH US! NOT TO JAIL! WE'RE GOING TO SEE A DOCTOR!

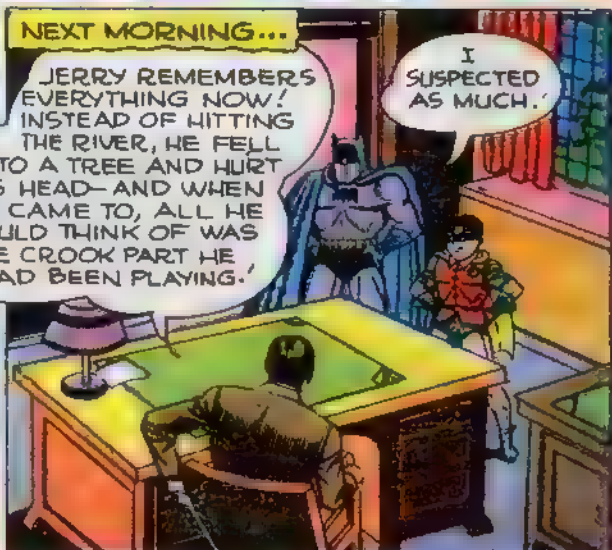
DOCTOR? IS SOMEBODY SICK?



NEXT MORNING...

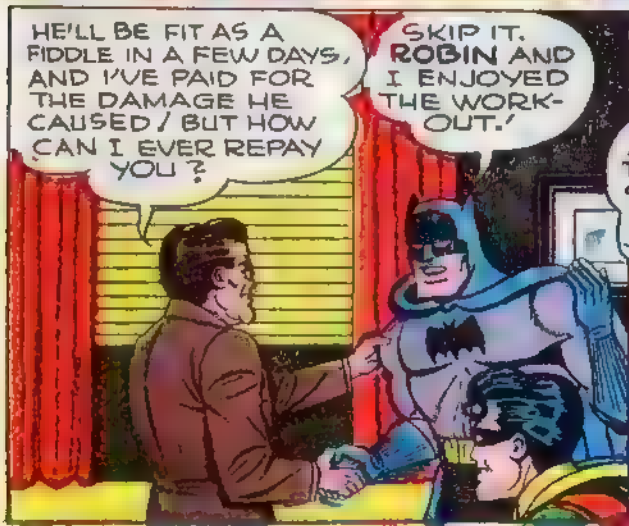
JERRY REMEMBERS EVERYTHING NOW! INSTEAD OF HITTING THE RIVER, HE FELL INTO A TREE AND HURT HIS HEAD— AND WHEN HE CAME TO, ALL HE COULD THINK OF WAS THE CROOK PART HE HAD BEEN PLAYING!

I SUSPECTED AS MUCH.



HE'LL BE FIT AS A FIDDLE IN A FEW DAYS, AND I'VE PAID FOR THE DAMAGE HE CAUSED / BUT HOW CAN I EVER REPAY YOU?

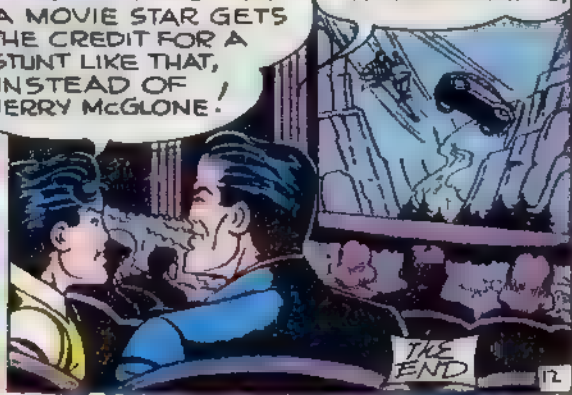
SKIP IT. ROBIN AND I ENJOYED THE WORK-OUT.



WEEKS LATER, IN GOTHAM CITY, BRUCE WAYNE AND DICK GRAYSON GO TO A MOVIE...

IT'S A SHAME THAT A MOVIE STAR GETS THE CREDIT FOR A STUNT LIKE THAT, INSTEAD OF JERRY MCGLONE.

BUT THINK OF THE FUN JERRY'S HAVING!



THE END

"U.S." ROYAL

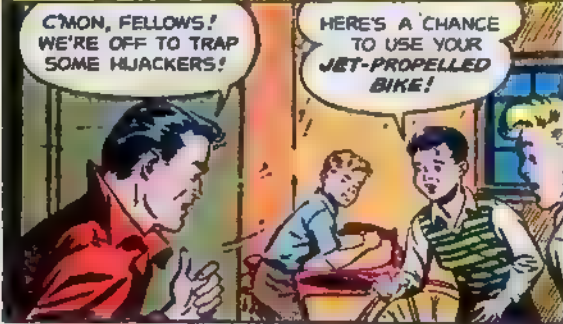
WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



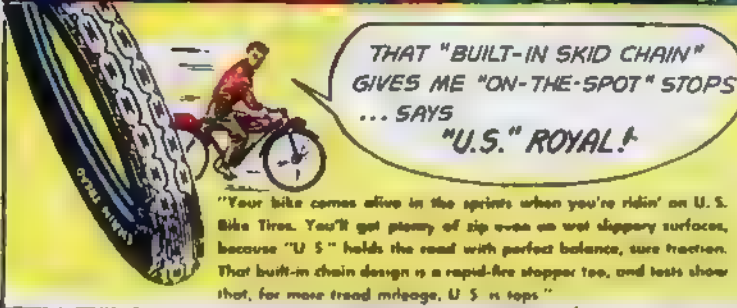
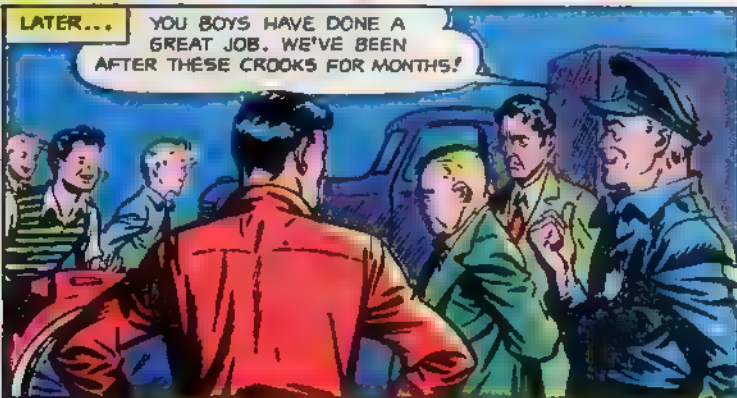
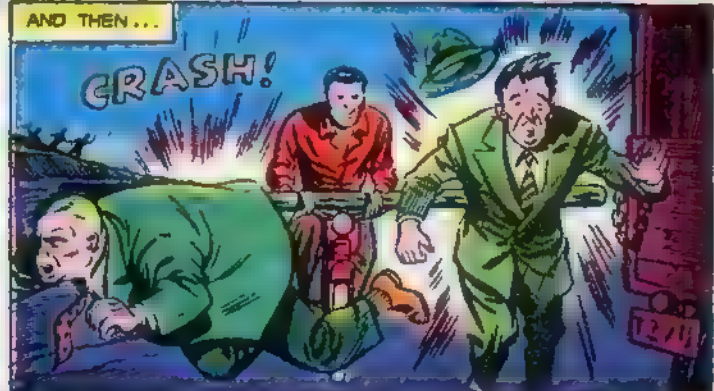
TRAPPING THE HIJACKERS!



DEPUTY "U.S." ROYAL, SPONSOR OF THE ELM CITY BIKE CLUB, GETS AN EMERGENCY CALL...



THAT NIGHT, NEAR THE HIGHWAY...



U.S. BIKE TIRES

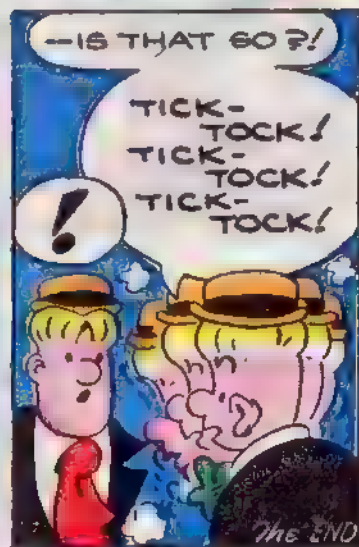
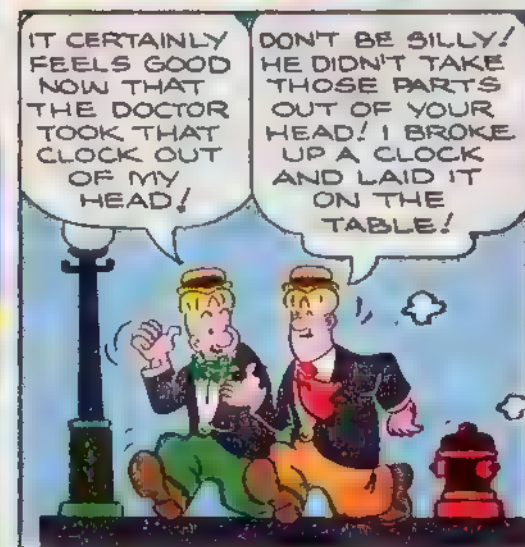
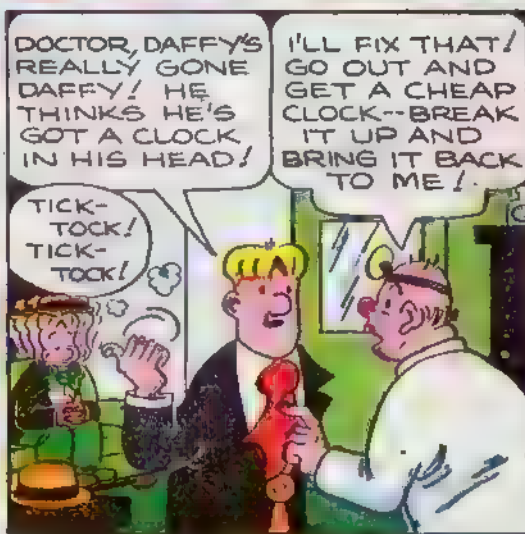
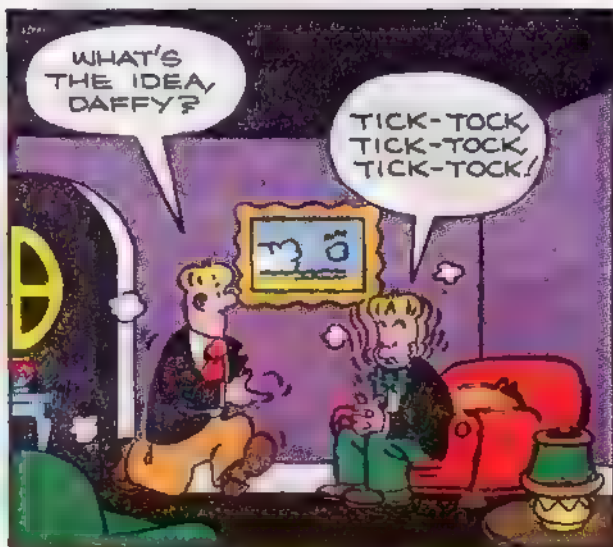
America's Fastest Selling Tires



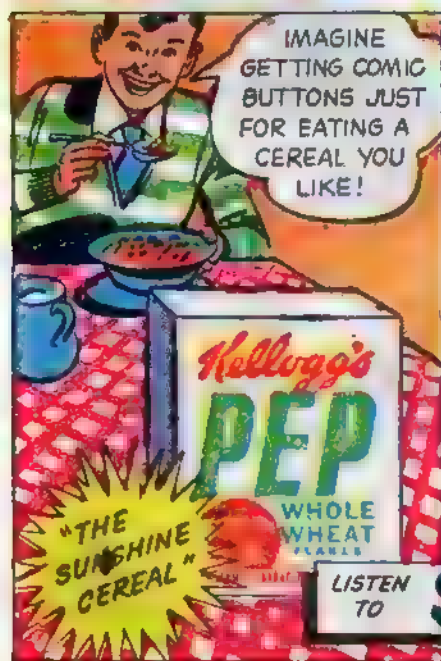
UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
Serving Through Science



DAFFY DOODLE



Wow! See the keen comic buttons on that kid's hat!



GET YOUR PRIZE BUTTONS WITH *Kellogg's PEP!*

ONE IN EVERY PACKAGE

18
BUTTONS
IN ALL!

OLIVE OYL
DAGWOOD
SUPERMAN
BLONDIE
RIP WINKLE
DON WINSLOW

POPEYE
UNCLE WILLIE
ANDY GUMP
JUNIOR TRACY
JOGS
LORD FLUSHBOTTOM

BABY
MAGGIE
NANA
FRITZ
LITTLE KING
POP JIMMIE

You get one of these 18 brightly colored, all-metal buttons ready to pin on, in every package of swell tasting Kellogg's PEP. Collect 'em-- swap 'em-- wear 'em-- some fun! Get mom to get you Kellogg's PEP today!

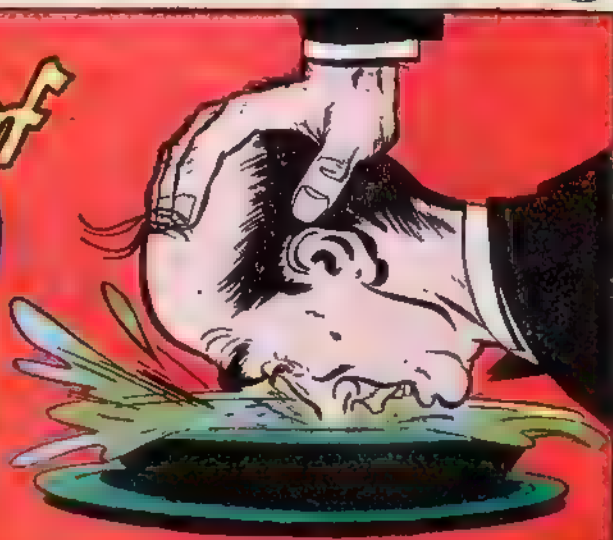
LISTEN
TO



Tune in daily, Monday through Friday, for the thrilling adventures of Superman. Your local paper tells time and station.

THE Adventures of ALFRED

THE BEST WAY TO A CROOK'S CAPTURE, THINKS ALFRED, IS THROUGH HIS STOMACH... WHICH LEADS HIM INTO MORE TROUBLE THAN HE CAN DIGEST ON THE TRAIL OF...
"ELUSIVE LONDON EDDIE!"



MY WORD... AN ENGLISH THIEF! DIDN'T KNOW HIS MAJESTY EXPORTED THEM... THOUGHT THE STATES HAD ENOUGH OF THEIR OWN!

POST OFFICE

WANTED

LONDON EDDIE

BUY FACTORY BONDS

I WAGER THE POLICE ARE BAFFLED... AND IT'S UP TO ME TO HELP THEM! IT TAKES AN ENGLISH DETECTIVE TO KNOW THE PSYCHOLOGY OF AN ENGLISH CRIMINAL!

NOW, THIS EDDIE UNDOUBTEDLY PREFERS REAL ENGLISH FOOD... AND THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE THE CROWNED HEAD FOR GRILLED KIDNEYS! I SHALL INSPECT IT CAREFULLY!

CROWNED HEAD

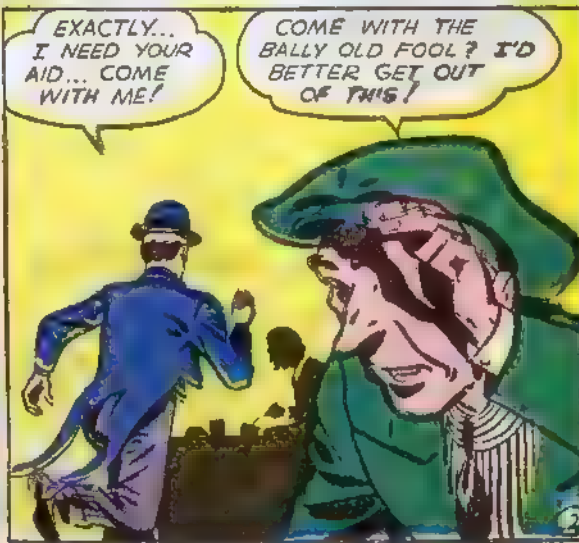
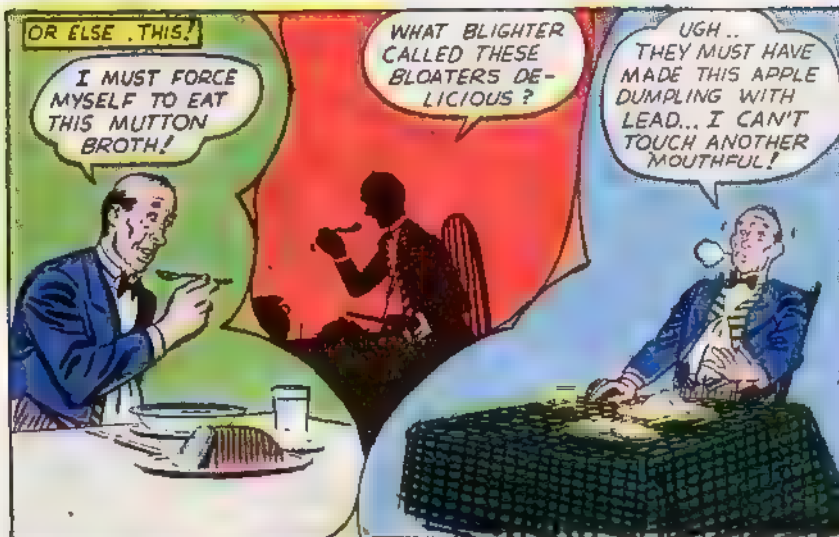
MOMENTS LATER...

NO SIGN OF EDDIE... BUT THE KIDNEYS WERE EXCELLENT, AS I THOUGHT! NEXT FOR THE TRAFALGAR INN...

BUT ONCE MORE THE BUTTLING DETECTIVE IS DOOMED TO DISAPPOINTMENT!

THE YORKSHIRE PUDDING WAS SUPERB BUT A BIT HEAVY ON THE STOMACH! MY WORD, I HAD BETTER FIND EDDIE SOON, OR ELSE...

TRAFALGAR INN





BUT THERE IS NO TIME TO GET OUT OF ANYTHING AS THE AROUSED ALFRED SWINGS INTO ACTION!



BETTER GIVE UP, OLD BOY... YOU DON'T STAND A CHANCE AGAINST US, YOU KNOW!

HRRRRUMPH?! CONFOUND YOU..

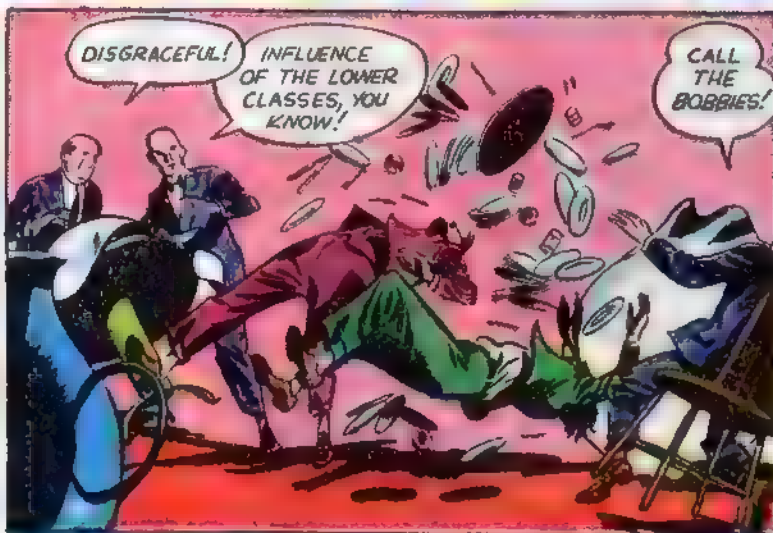


AS I EXPECTED... HE'S HELPLESS IN MY CLEVER HANDS!

AHCHOOW



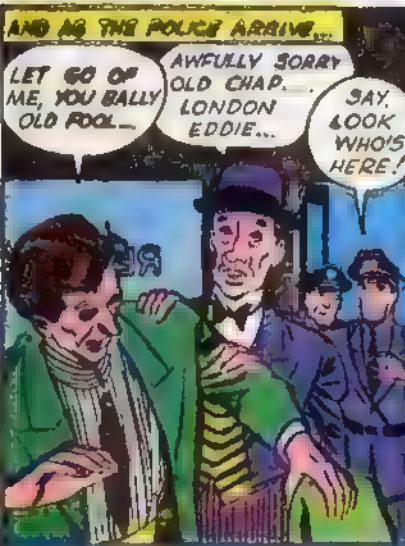
OH, OH... THIS IS GETTING OUT OF MY HANDS!



DISGRACEFUL!

INFLUENCE OF THE LOWER CLASSES, YOU KNOW!

CALL THE BOBBIES!



AND AS THE POLICE ARRIVE...

LET GO OF ME, YOU BALLY OLD FOOL...

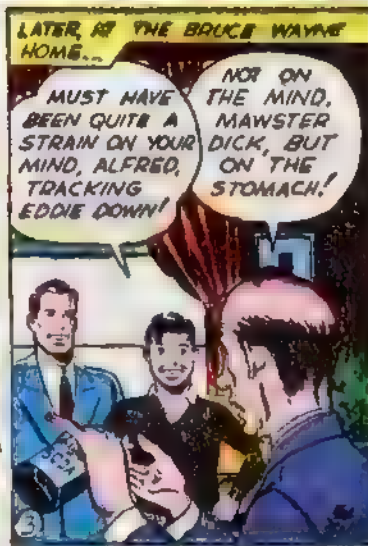
AWFULLY SORRY OLD CHAP... LONDON EDDIE...

SAY, LOOK WHO'S HERE!



IMAGINE THIS FELLOW RECOGNIZING EDDIE AFTER THE RAT SHAVED OFF HIS MUSTACHE? NICE WORK, PAL!

LONDON EDDIE? OF COURSE! IN FACT, WHY NOT? I CAME HERE LOOKING FOR HIM!



LATER, AT THE BRUCE WAYNE HOME...

MUST HAVE BEEN QUITE A STRAIN ON YOUR MIND, ALFRED, TRACKING EDDIE DOWN!

NOT ON THE MIND, MAWSTER DICK, BUT ON THE STOMACH!

A MATTER OF HONESTY

by Stan Carter

WITH the war over, the past few months had seen the market place filled with tourists again. Of course, it was not as jammed as it had been, but there was every indication that soon business would be as good as usual.

This Gigsu, who acted as spokesman for the dealers, explained it to them. "We are honest merchants," he said, "and because of this our business will be good. Our city received the name of an honest place in which tourists may safely trade." The old merchant looked over his glasses at Damus, who stared back.

Damus dealt in jewelry, antique and modern. His was a shop in a most advantageous part of the market place, and attracted a lot of tourist trade. Gigsu, thinking of that now, said:

"However, there is one of us about whom a number of complaints about unfair practices have been received. I shall mention no names. But it must stop."

Now, ordinarily, that would have been warning enough for a member of the Merchant's Guild. But not for old Damus. The latter rose to his feet, addressed Gigsu and the assemblage.

"You are speaking of me," he said, "but I will allow no one to tell me how to run my business." His voice took on a whining tone. "I am an old man, merely trying to get enough money to retire."

Gigsu looked at him. "You have plenty of money," he said angrily, "and there is no need for cheating." He levelled a finger at the merchant. "You must take only a fair profit, as the rest of us do. It is written . . ."

"I do not care what is written!" Damus stormed. He faced the assemblage, said accusingly, "You are all jealous that you have not my powers of selling." He wrapped his cloak around him, and, looking straight ahead, walked out.

When he was gone a hum of excitement sounded throughout Gigsu's shop. "What are we to do?" was the general tenor of the con-

versation. Gigsu sat back in his chair. "I do not know," he said, "but we must do something."

"There is nothing anyone can do with Damus," Ali Mar said. "And he will bring ruin to our market place." He put a hand suggestively to his throat. "Unless . . ."

Gigsu waved him down. "No violence! It has been written that the wise man lives by his wits." He smiled faintly, "And that seems to be what Damus is living by."

Meanwhile, the object of their conversation had wended his way grumblingly back to his shop. "Fools!" he muttered to himself. "To think they can outwit Damus!"

He had a right to the statement; for hadn't he shown, by his enormous profits how smart he was? In every transaction he made money on objects out of all proportion to their worth. Damus brought out his *hookah*, his water pipe, lit it and puffed meditatively. He smiled as a customer appeared. Then, rubbing his hands he went forward.

As usual, Damus came out ahead in the bargaining. He had sized up the tourist well, learned that the customer's ship would leave in an hour. There was little chance of the tourist returning when he learned that the "antique jewelry" for which he paid a big price was fake, worthless.

Such was Damus' business method. And always it seemed to pay off, he reflected, sitting in front of his shop a few days later. His eyes were half-closed, but watchfully looking at a tall stranger, obviously an American. The man was accompanied by a beautiful woman, who was followed by a native girl. The girl was carrying a baby wrapped in an expensive blanket. Damus' eyes glittered. Here was wealthy prey!

He listened with irritation as the woman, who seemed anxious to go someplace said: "Nick, I must stop at that other shop down the

street before the ship leaves, and it will pull out in less than an hour! You'll never find an emerald necklace in this place, so why waste time?"

The man glowered at her. "I can try to find one, can't I?" He, too, was irritated. "Look, you go to the shop. I'll mind the baby and you can meet me on the ship."

An 'emerald necklace! Damus' heart beat faster. This was like a gift from the gods, for in his shop, securely locked up, was a valuable emerald necklace. This foolish tourist, wanting it badly, would undoubtedly pay greatly for it. He got to his feet, addressed the man, and apologized for overhearing the conversation. "I have an emerald necklace," he said oilily, "you would care to come in?"

The man looked after his retreating wife, started to call her, but she was that instant swallowed up in the crowds. "Let me see it," he said to Damus.

Lovingly, Damus brought it out. Cupidity was in his eyes as he watched the man's obvious enjoyment. "How much?"

Damus told him. And when the man did not haggle over the price, Damus' heart leaped. This would be the biggest profit he had ever made! Now let Gigs and the rest say anything they pleased! He scowled as the baby in the native girl's arms suddenly started to cry. The man bent over it, forgetting for a moment about the necklace. Then he turned to Damus.

"I am satisfied with the price," he said, "but I must show it to my wife. She is in the shop down the block. May I take it to her and return?"

Damus' eyes narrowed. He did not want to let that precious necklace out of the shop. But, if he didn't he might lose a sale. If only . . . "Ah! I have it," he told himself. He smiled, said unctuously: "Of course! Your baby and the native girl can remain with me until you return." He was well pleased with himself. That crying baby was perfect security!

Damus handed over the necklace. The man pointed to a corner of the shop, where Damus had some expensive rugs, indicated to the girl she should wait there. It was cool in the shadowy corner of the shop. Obediently, the girl

went over and sat down. The baby stopped crying.

Damus went outside with the stranger. He rubbed his hands gleefully as he watched the man go up the street. Contentedly, he picked up his *hookah*, puffed on it. He had been smoking for about fifteen minutes when he heard the girl's voice. She wanted to buy some dates, and would Damus watch the baby, while she was gone?

He looked in the shop, saw the slumbering bundle lying on the rug. He nodded. The girl left the shop, disappeared in the crowd.

Intrigued by visions of the profit he would make, Damus failed, at first, to notice the passing time. Then, when he looked at the sun, he realized over an hour had passed and neither the man nor the native girl had returned.

"An hour!" He got hurriedly to his feet. The American woman had said something about the boat leaving in a hour. Anxiously, he glanced into the shop. The sleeping baby was still on the rug. He felt reassured.

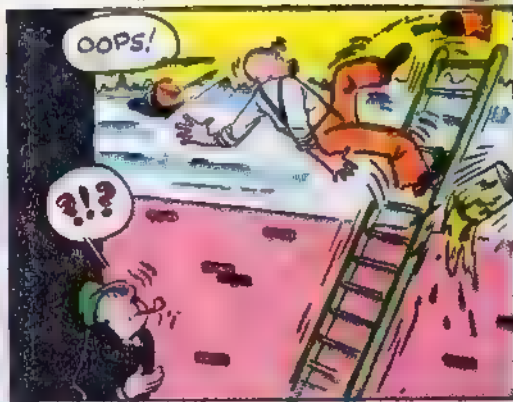
Then his heart jumped, as, from the pier, came the deep-throated whistle of a boat lifting anchor. It was leaving! They were leaving, and without the baby! He ran over, opened the blanket.

His blood froze. "The baby," he cried wildly, "is a doll!" For a long moment he stood there, staring at the doll the native girl had left.

"But it cried!" he screamed incoherently. "It cried! I heard it!" Then he thought of his emeralds. Angrily, he picked up the doll, smashed it on the floor. "Cry, cry," he stormed. "Cry!" But the doll was mute!

And in his shop, Gigs spoke to the merchants he had summoned. He held in his hand the emerald necklace. "It was most fortunate that on the tourist shop that came in yesterday was my friend, Great Nick, the ventriloquist." He smiled. "It was he and his lovely wife who helped me work out this plan to teach Damus that thievery does not pay. I think tomorrow, when he discovers how we tricked him, he will change his ways!"

And Damus did just that. He changed his sign, too. You can see it in the market place at any time, bright gold and red: "Honest Damus—Antique Jewelry!"



Advertisement

IT'S CHEWY... IT'S DELICIOUS... IT'S ONLY A PENNY

FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE

THAT ACT WILL BE A FLOP!

SEE... IT'S EASY TO BLOW A BUBBLE WITH DUBBLE BUBBLE... FUN, TOO!

DON'T ASK FOR BUBBLE GUM. SAY DUBBLE BUBBLE

THEN YOU'RE SURE TO GET THE BEST?

YOU'LL NEVER GET AHEAD!

BUT I'LL WIN IN THE END!

DUBBLE BUBBLE IS SO BIG!

YET IT COSTS SO LITTLE... ONLY A PENNY!

'N EVERY PIECE IS WRAPPED IN A SHEET OF FUNNIES!

FLEER'S CANDY COATED GUM TAKES THE CAKE, TOO!

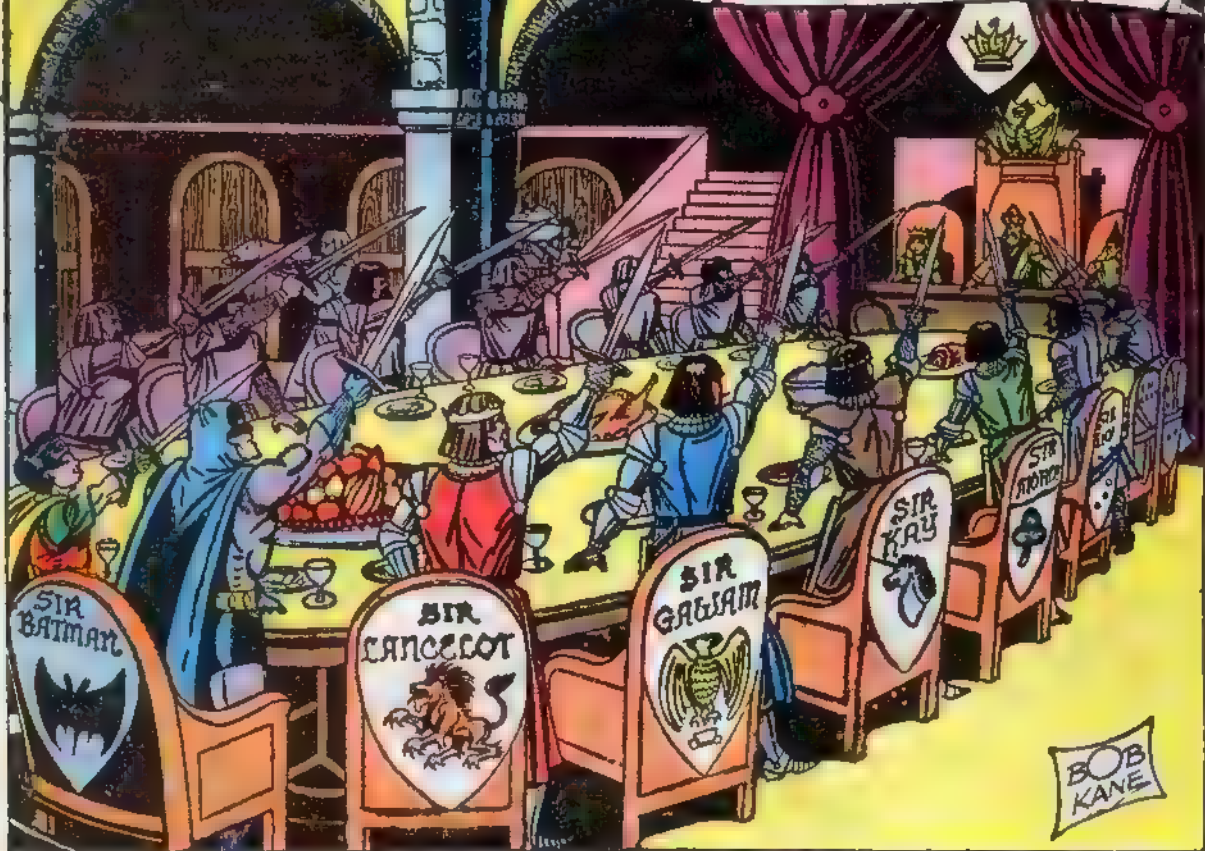
IF YOU WANT THE BEST, BE SURE TO ASK FOR DUBBLE BUBBLE

BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN
-THE BOY WHO

THE KNIGHTS OF KING ARTHUR'S ROUND TABLE ACQUIRE A NEW AND DASHING MEMBER WHEN BATMAN AND ROBIN FLASH BACK THROUGH TIME, ACROSS THIRTEEN CENTURIES, TO SOLVE ONE OF THE GREAT RIDDLES OF HISTORY. AND NO ONE IS MORE SURPRISED THAN THE POWERHOUSE PAIR WHEN THE ASTOUNDING ANSWER TO THE MYSTERY OF SIR HARDI DE NOIR IS FOUND BY...

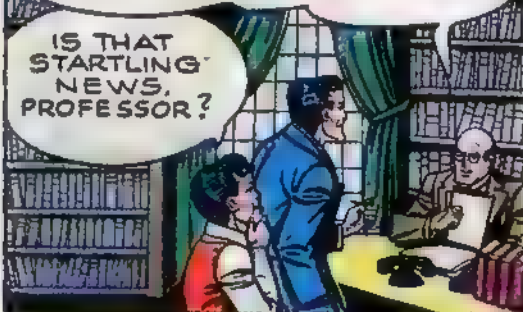
"Sir Batman at King Arthur's Court!"



BRUCE WAYNE AND DICK GRAYSON FIND THEIR OLD FRIEND, PROFESSOR NICHOLS, AGOG OVER AN HISTORICAL MYSTERY...

LOOK! THIS NEWLY DISCOVERED RECORD OF KING ARTHUR'S COURT LISTS A KNIGHT NO OTHER CHRONICLE HAS MENTIONED - A SIR HARDI LE NOIR!

IS THAT STARTLING NEWS, PROFESSOR?



YES - IF IT'S TRUE! FOR THIS MYSTERY KNIGHT DID MAGIC FEATS THAT SMACK OF MODERN SCIENCE!... SAY, AM I GLAD YOU TWO DROPPED IN!

OH-OH! THE PROFESSOR IS GOING TO ASK US TO TAKE ANOTHER TRIP INTO THE PAST, DICK!



SO, MINUTES LATER, IN THE PROFESSOR'S LABORATORY, BRUCE AND DICK SIT SIDE-BY-SIDE... A BRIGHT LIGHT BEATS DOWN UPON THEM... AND SPECIAL HYPNOSIS IS USED BY THE WORLD'S FOREMOST AUTHORITY ON TIME-TRAVEL TO SEND THEM INTO THE PAST...

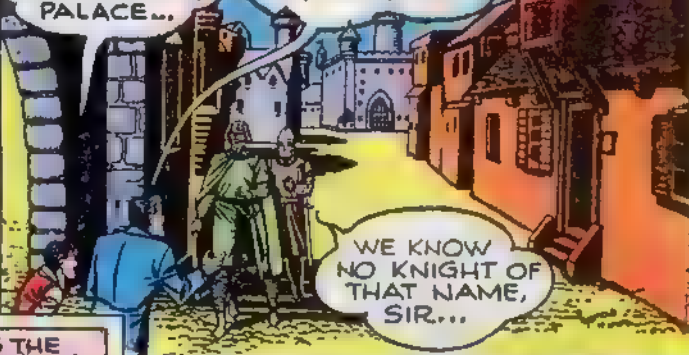
... GO BACK TO KING ARTHUR'S COURT... BACK THROUGH THE AGES...



- BACK THIRTEEN CENTURIES, TO THE CITY OF CAMELOT!

WELL, BRUCE, WE'RE HERE! THAT MUST BE KING ARTHUR'S PALACE...

LET'S NOT FORGET WHAT WE CAME FOR... GOOD SIR, WHERE CAN WE FIND SIR HARDI LE NOIR?

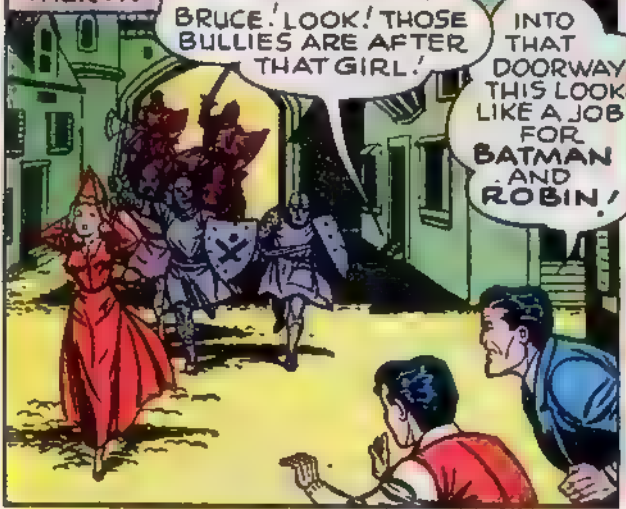


WE KNOW NO KNIGHT OF THAT NAME, SIR...

THROUGHOUT CAMELOT THE ANSWER IS THE SAME - SIR HARDI LE NOIR IS UNKNOWN! THEN...

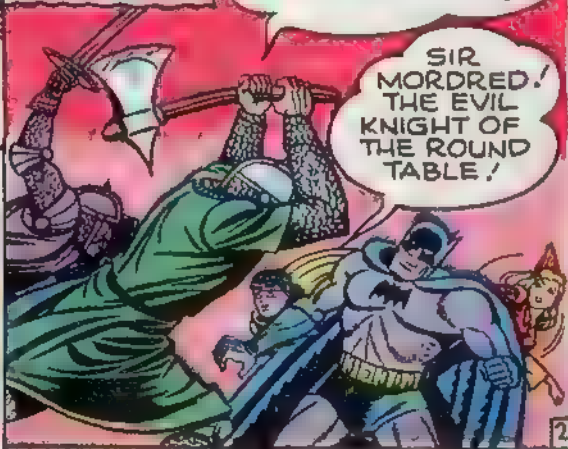
BRUCE! LOOK! THOSE BULLIES ARE AFTER THAT GIRL!

INTO THAT DOORWAY! THIS LOOKS LIKE A JOB FOR BATMAN AND ROBIN!

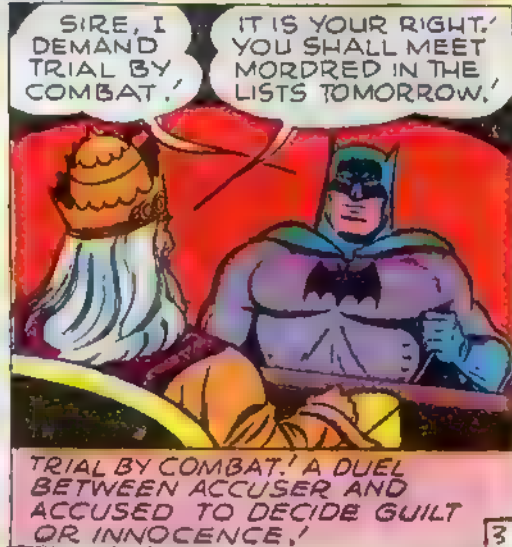
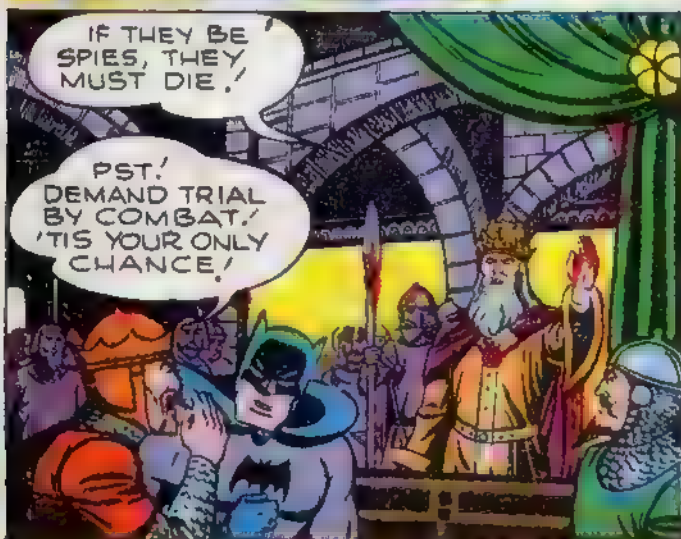
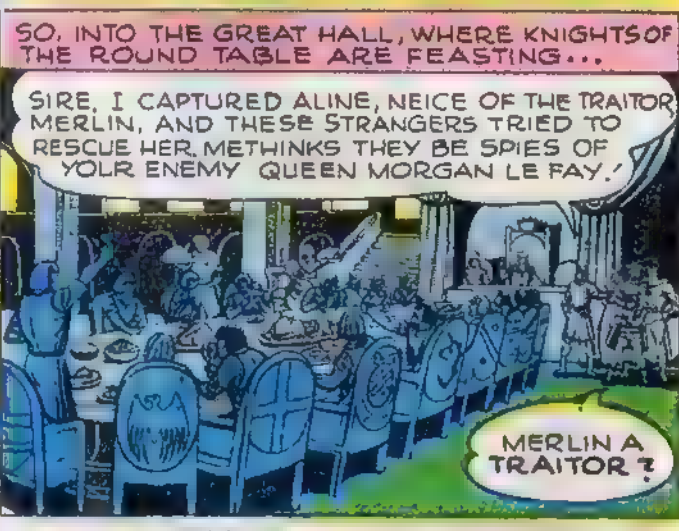
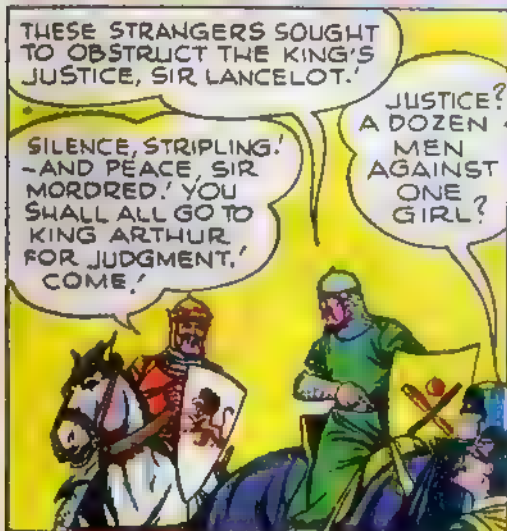
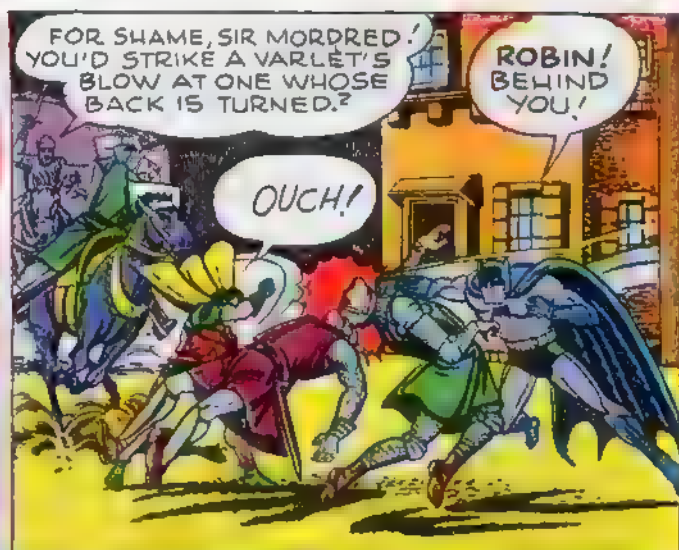
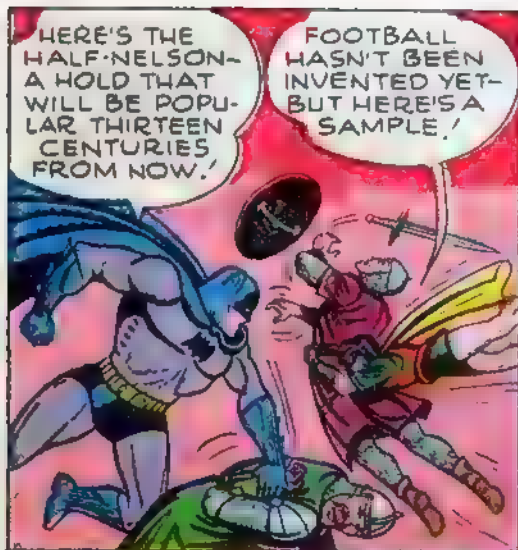


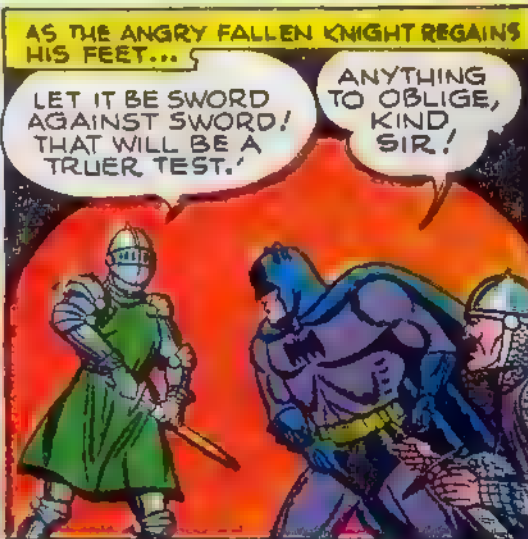
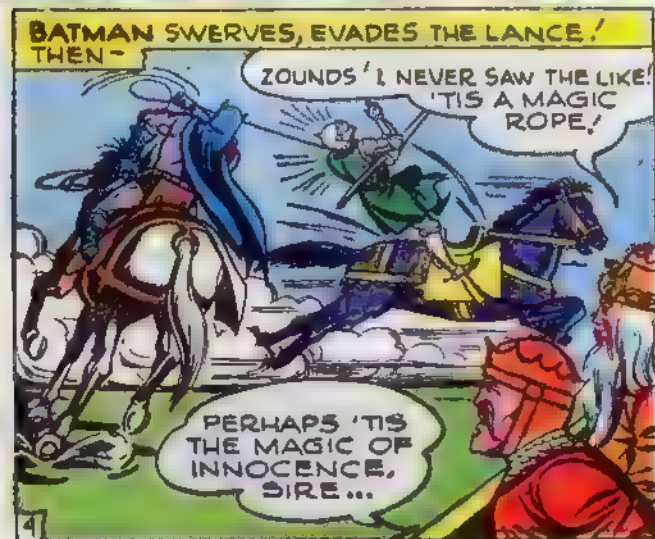
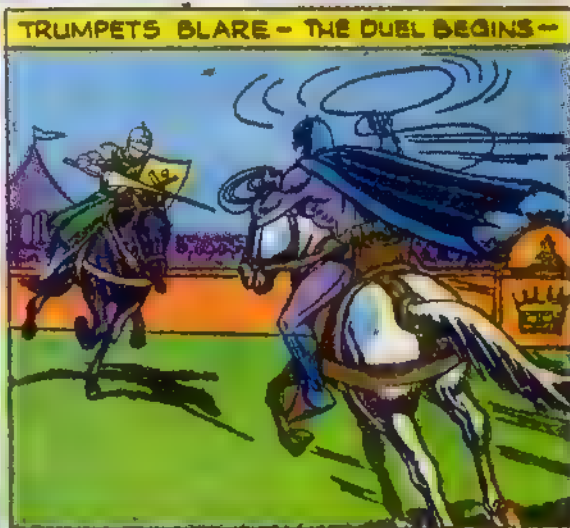
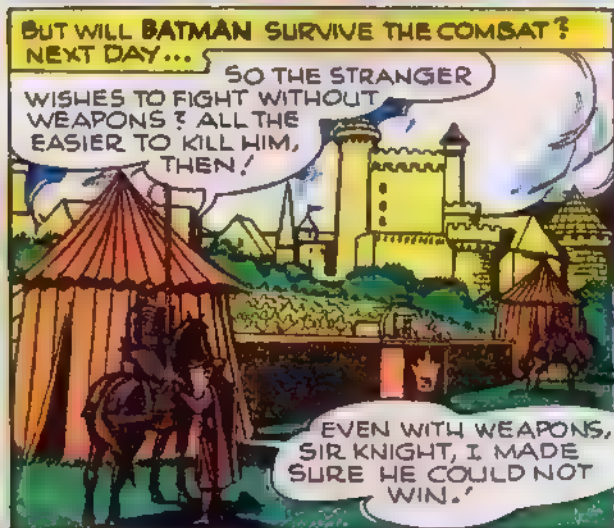
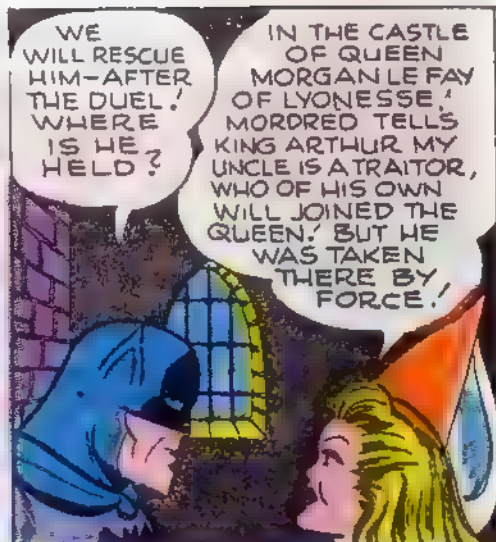
A QUICK SHIFT OF COSTUME! THEN...

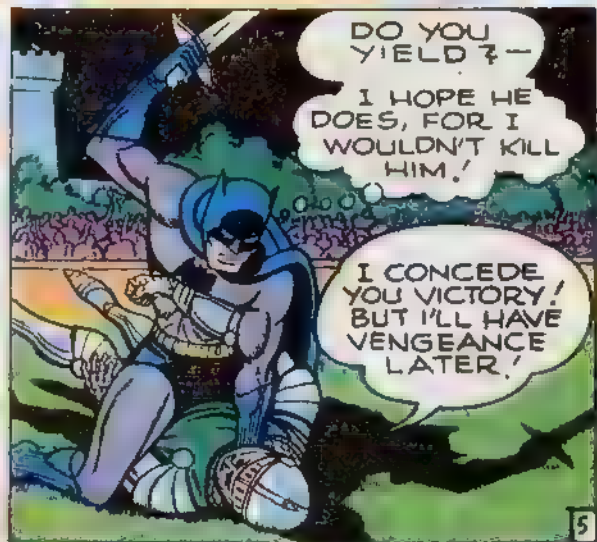
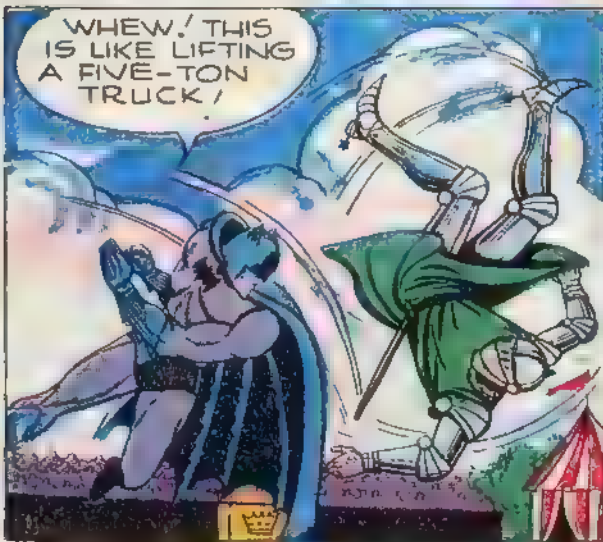
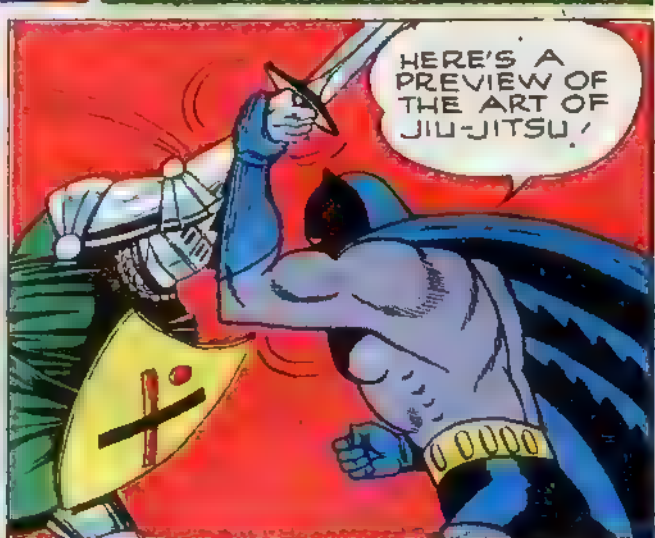
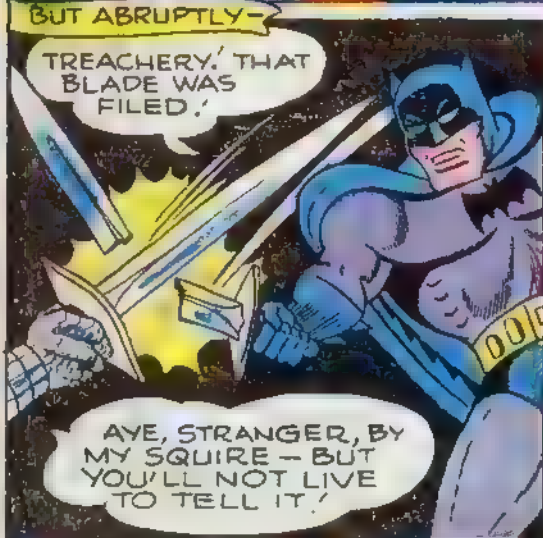
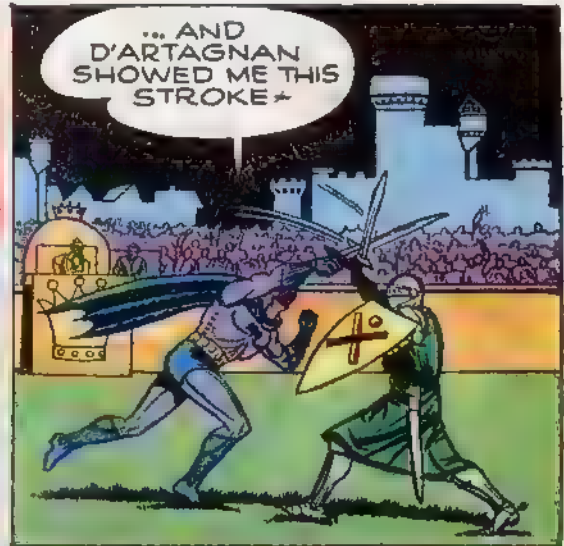
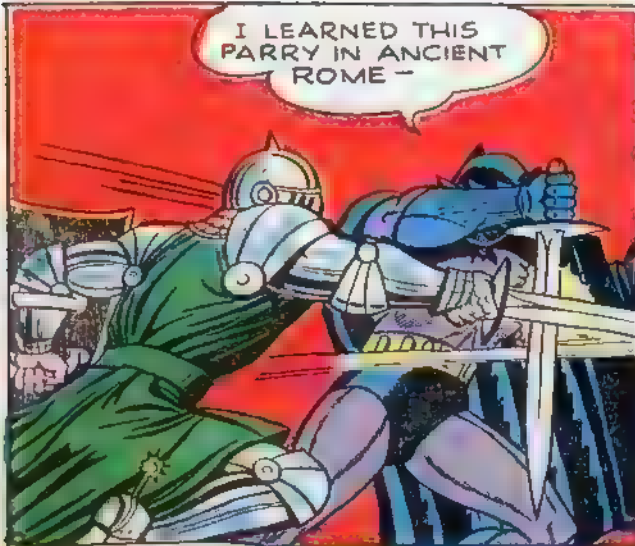
OUT OF OUR WAY, INSOLENT CHURLS! WHO DARES STOP SIR MORDRED'S MEN?

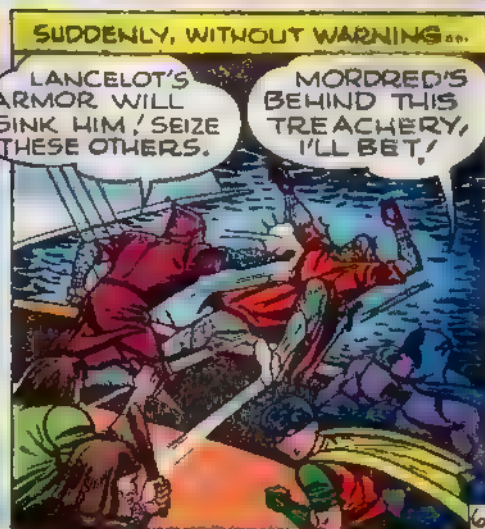
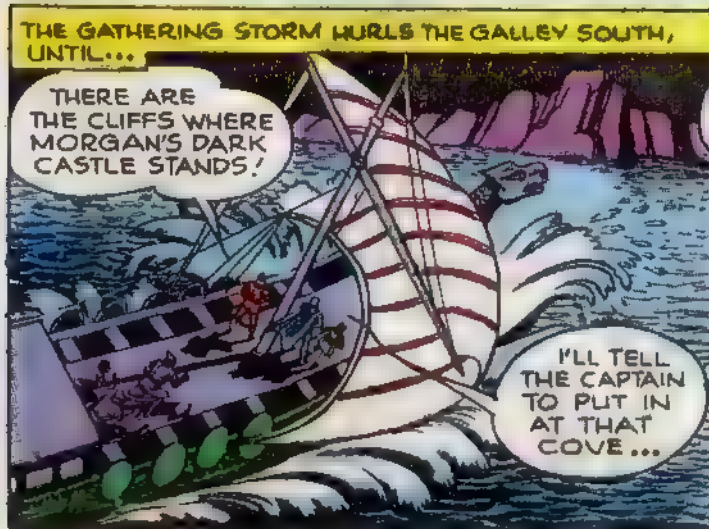
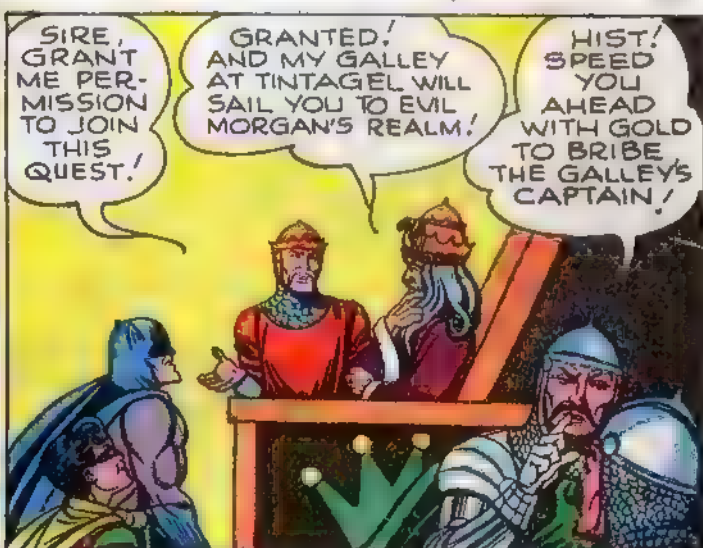


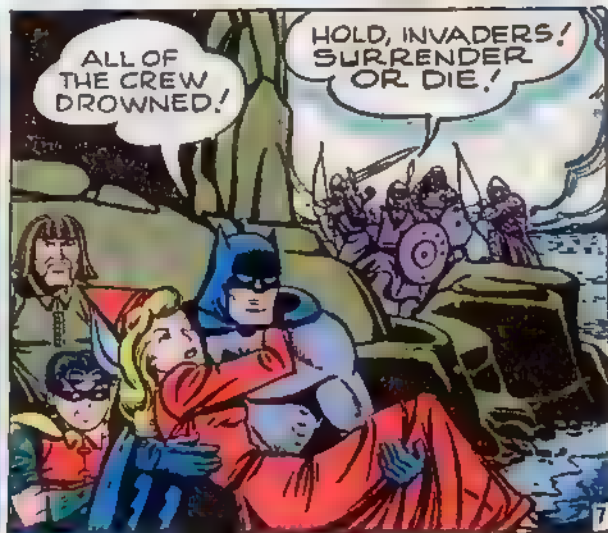
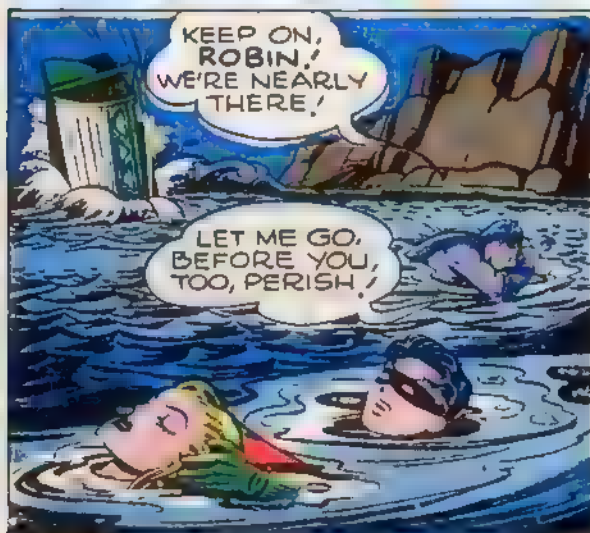
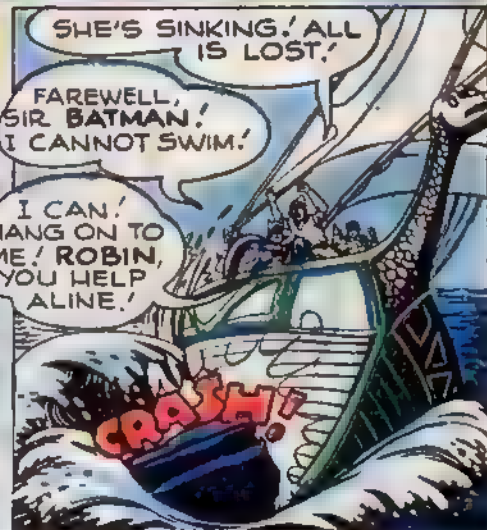
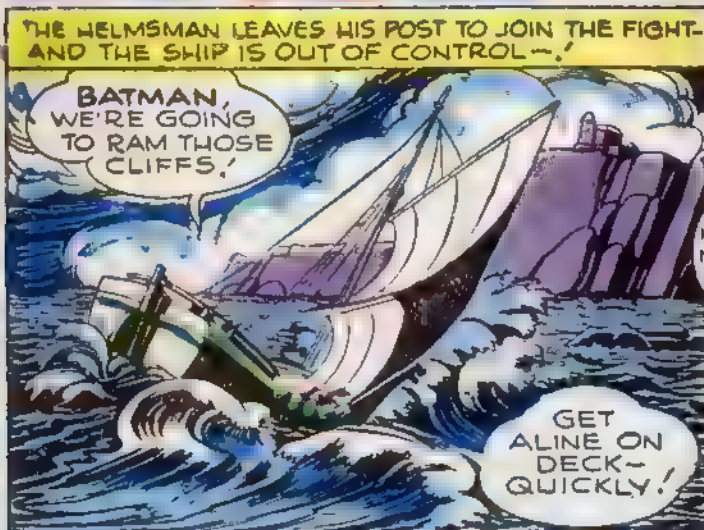
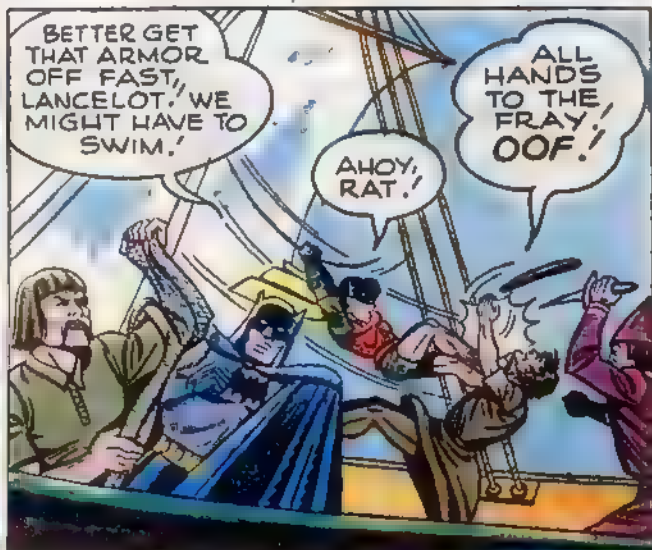
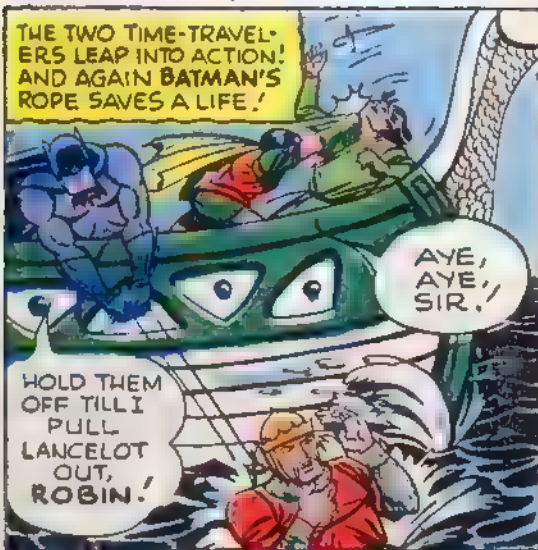
SIR MORDRED! THE EVIL KNIGHT OF THE ROUND TABLE!

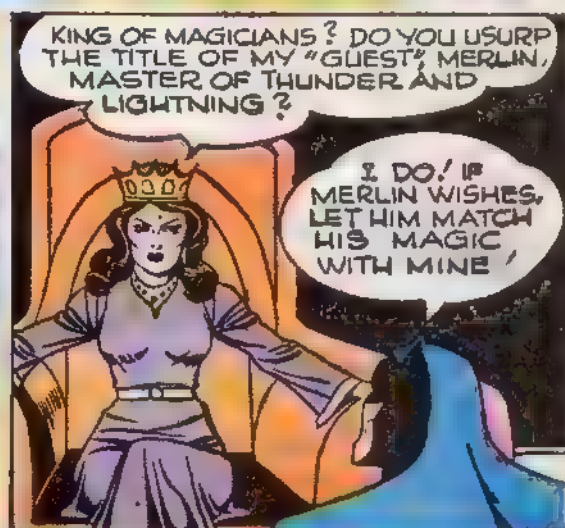
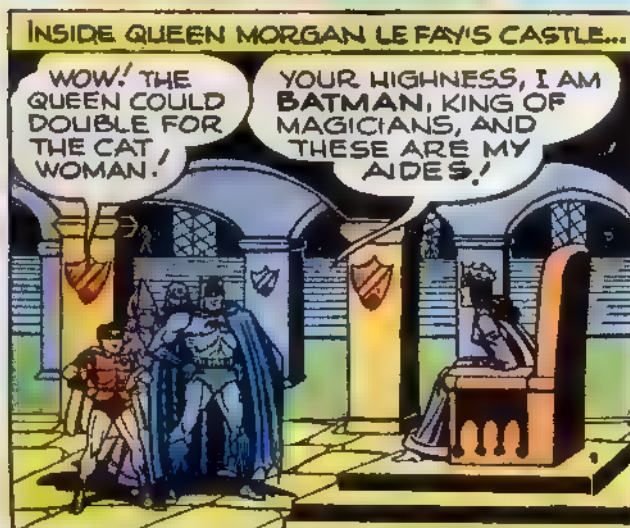
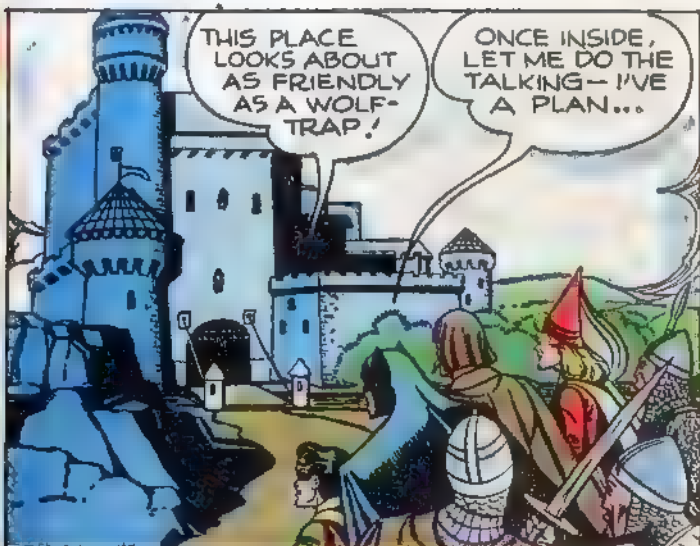


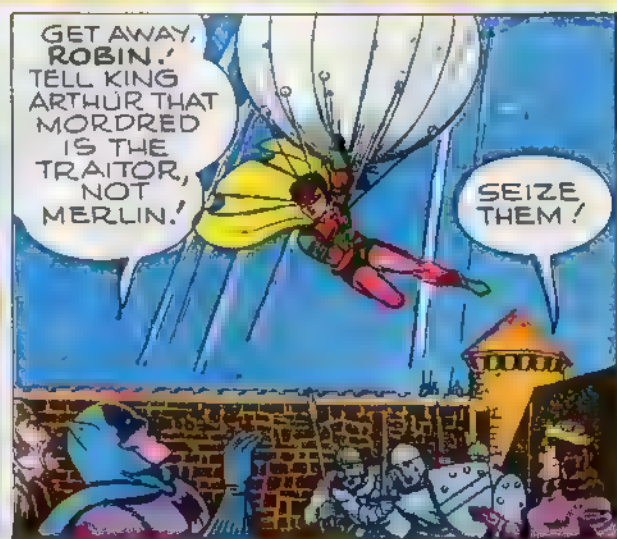
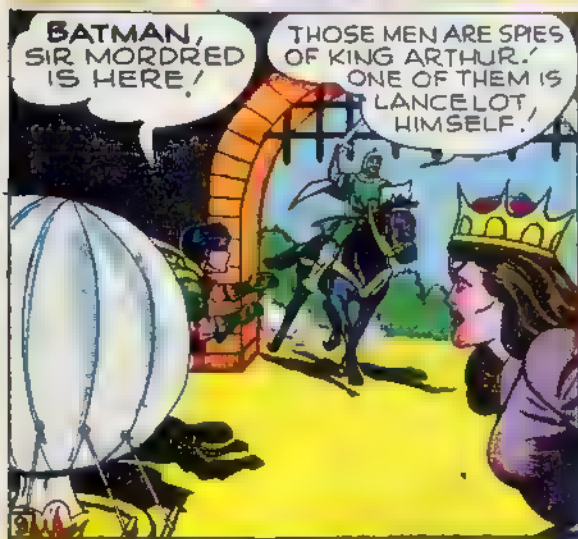
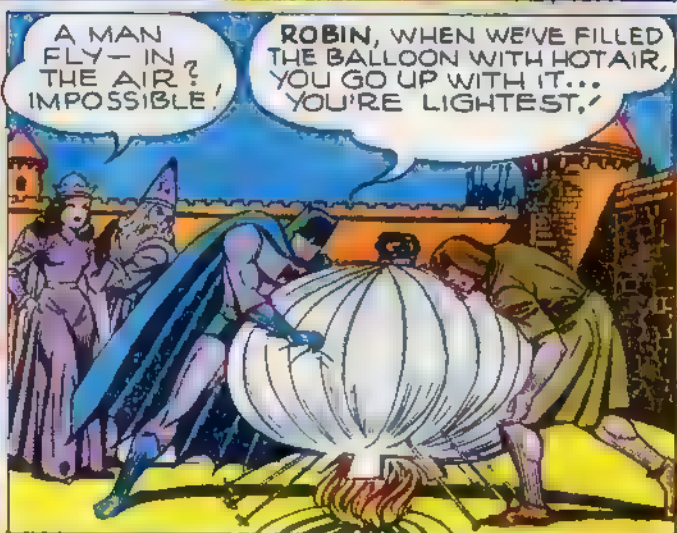
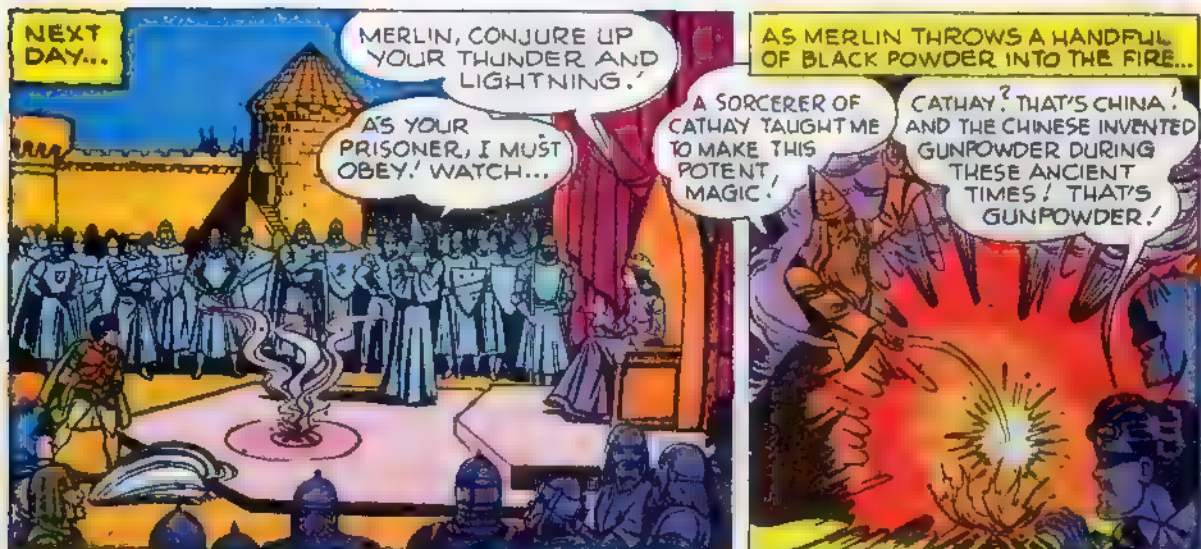


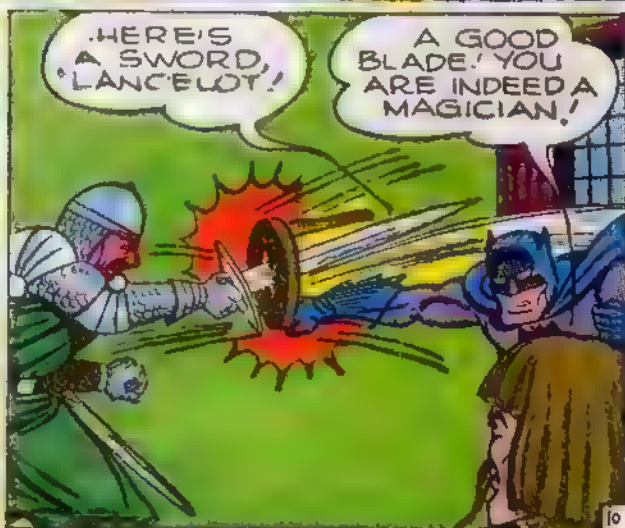
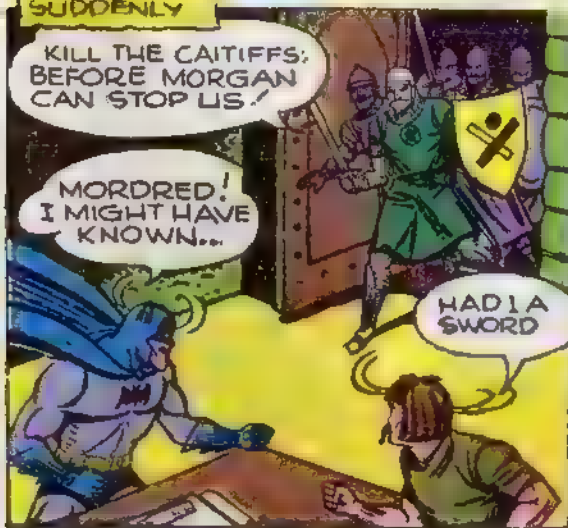
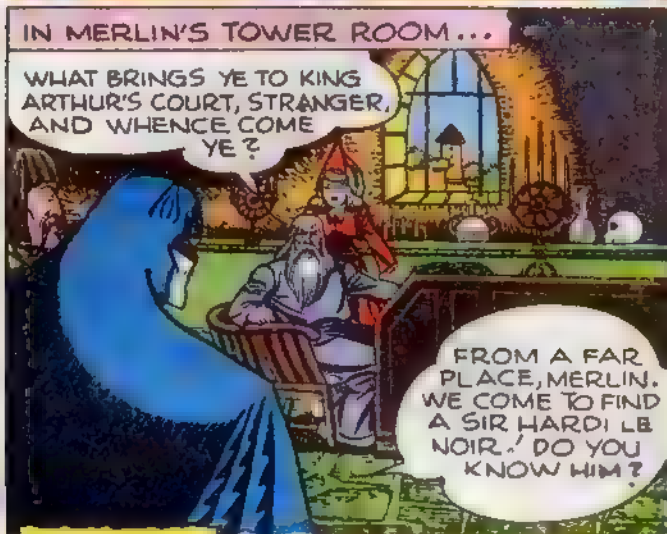
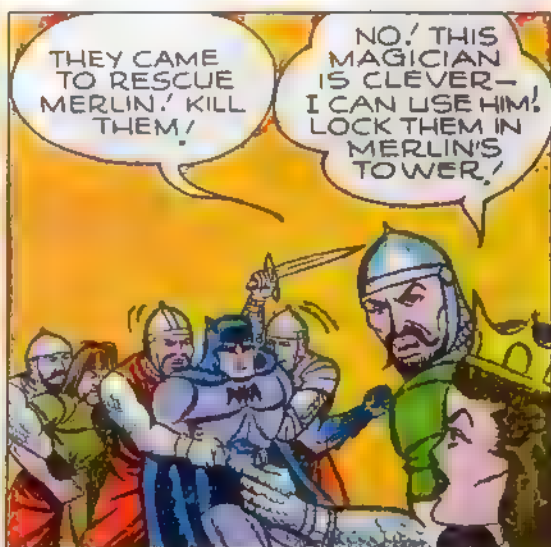
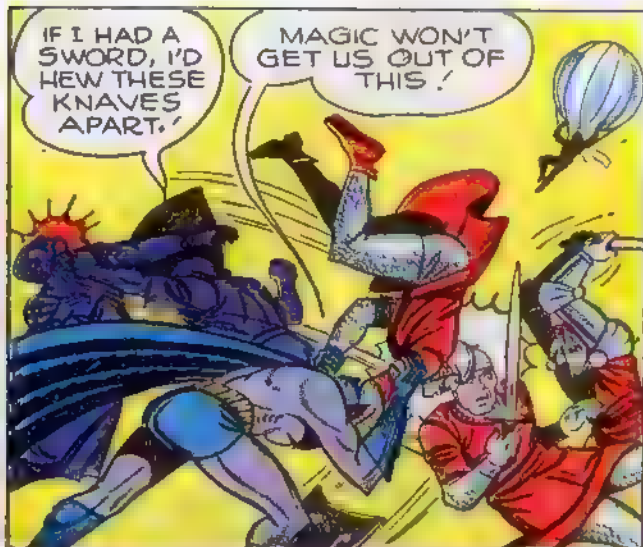


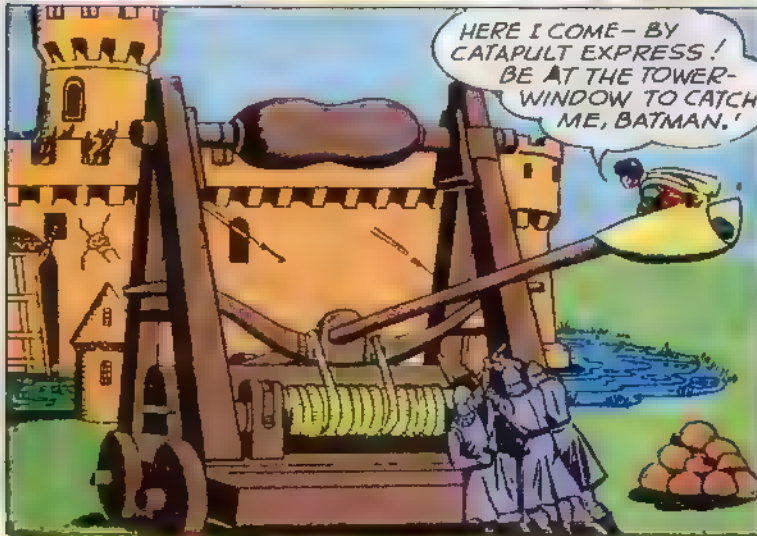
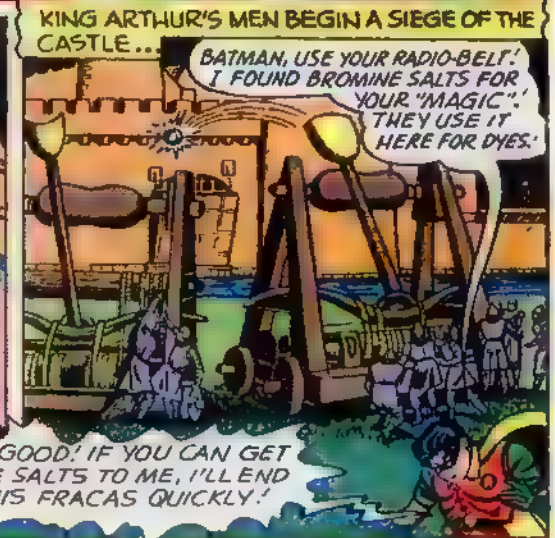
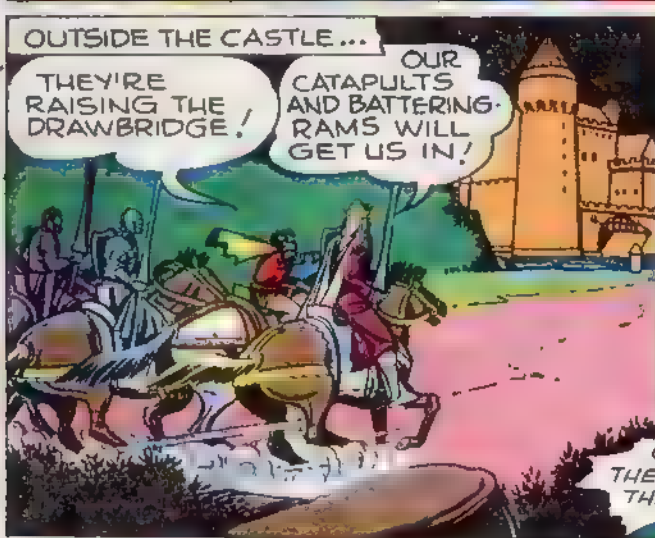
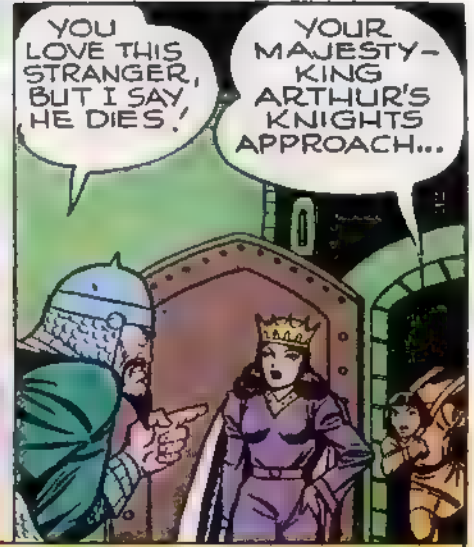
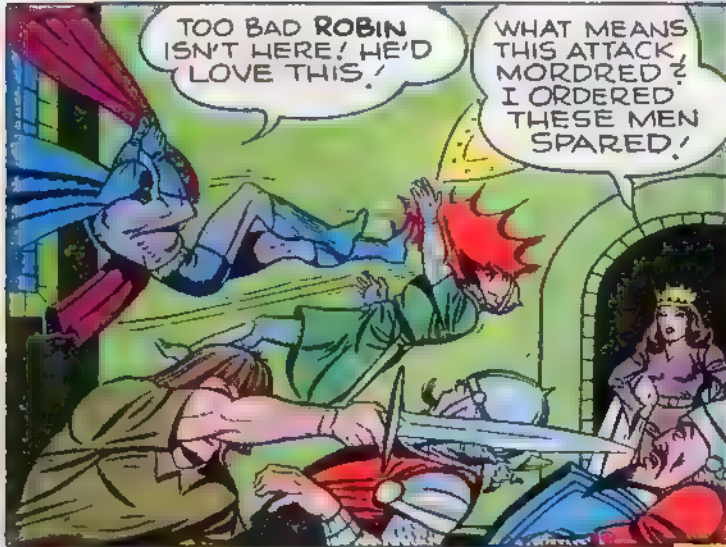












BACK IN THE TOWER ROOM...

BY MIXING BROMINE SALTS WITH SULFURIC ACID—OR OIL OF VITRIOL, AS MERLIN CALLS IT—WE MAKE—



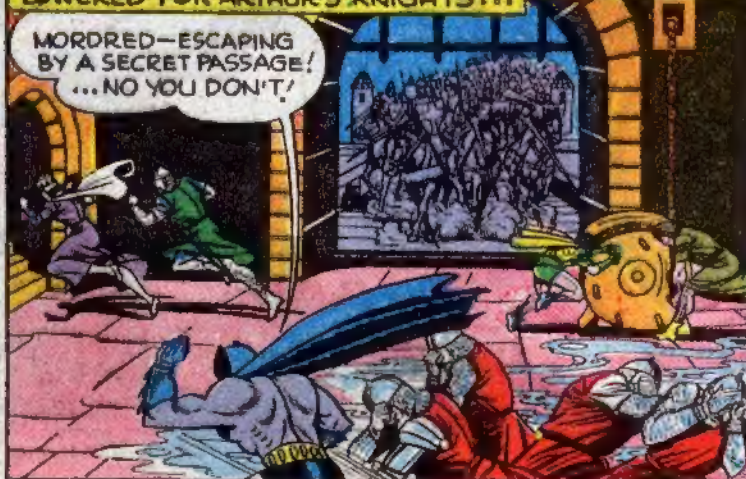
—LIQUID TEAR GAS!



IT IS TRULY GREAT MAGIC THAT MAKES MORGAN'S MEN STOP FIGHTING AND WEEP IN REPENTANCE!

THE QUEEN'S MEN SURRENDER, AND THE DRAWBRIDGE IS LOWERED FOR ARTHUR'S KNIGHTS...

MORDRED—ESCAPING BY A SECRET PASSAGE!
...NO YOU DON'T!



SECONDS LATER...

HERE'S MORDRED, THE REAL TRAITOR / QUEEN MORGAN LE FAY—ER—GOT AWAY...

YOU WEREN'T BY CHANCE LOOKING THE OTHER WAY WHEN SHE "ESCAPED"?



THEN... YOU HAVE CLEARED MY GREAT FRIEND, MERLIN, AND EXPOSED A TRAITOR! AS REWARD, KNIGHTHOOD IS YOURS! I DUB YOU **SIR HARDI LE NOIR—THE BOLD BLACK KNIGHT!**

SO, THE SIR HARDI LE NOIR NAMED IN PROFESSOR NICHOL'S HISTORY BOOK IS BATMAN HIMSELF!

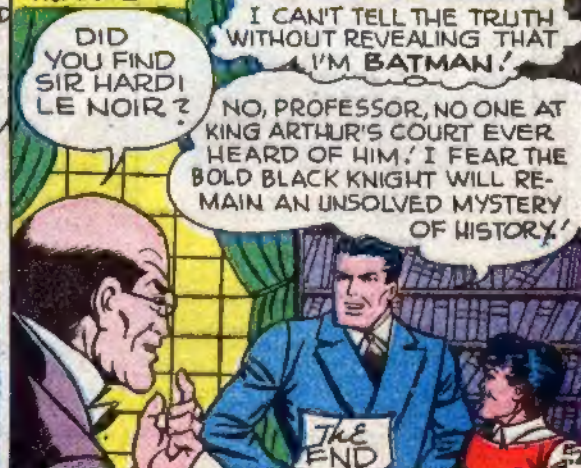


LATER, AWAKENED FROM THEIR HYPNOTIC TRANCE—

DID YOU FIND SIR HARDI LE NOIR?

I CAN'T TELL THE TRUTH WITHOUT REVEALING THAT I'M BATMAN!

NO, PROFESSOR, NO ONE AT KING ARTHUR'S COURT EVER HEARD OF HIM! I FEAR THE BOLD BLACK KNIGHT WILL REMAIN AN UNSOLVED MYSTERY OF HISTORY!



THE END



ANNOUNCING!

THE NEW **Bendix** COASTER BRAKE



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Made by the Foremost Builder of
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Here is the coaster brake you have always wanted. It is made by the famous Bendix Aviation Corporation, builders of aviation, radio, marine, radar and electronic products as well as brakes for automobiles, buses, trucks and airplanes. The new Bendix* Coaster Brake is entirely new in design. It stops quicker and with less pedal pressure. It coasts longer—You are away out in front with a Bendix Coaster Brake. And it is easy to take apart and put together again for there are fewer parts.

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ELMIRA, NEW YORK



Only the New Bendix Coaster Brake
Offers All These Features

Stops quicker—coasts longer ★ Long life—trouble-free performance ★ Light weight—easier pedaling ★ Simplicity of design—fewer parts ★ Easy to put together and take apart ★ Self-aligning brake shoes ★ Sealed against dirt and water ★ More efficient braking—requires less pedal pressure and travel ★ Every brake factory tested ★ Made by Bendix—Foremost manufacturer of aviation and automotive brakes.

IF YOU CAN CARRY A TUNE

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BOYS! GIRLS!

Play by "ear". Use the big dance orchestras for your accompaniment. Turn on the radio, or play a record on the "Vic", and you take the "lead" with your GAHOON. Get your friends interested and organize a GAHOON Band for school entertainments and party concerts. Or be the "hit" at parties with your Solo GAHOON. Easy to play, fun to play, and real music without study or reading notes. Get Dad or Mother to order GAHOONS for the whole family, and see how quick you'll be putting in the "hot licks" while the family plays the harmony. Any boy or girl ten years of age, or older, can learn to play the GAHOON in ten minutes or less.

Send your order today. Remember, you get your money back if you return the GAHOON in ten days.

PICK IT UP AND PLAY IT!

No study--no lessons--no musical education
no reading of notes--no practice. Simply
bend the mysterious stem and PLAY IT!

THE AMAZING GAHOON—the sensational new musical invention that nine out of ten people can play in 10 minutes. Gives two full octaves of rich, clear tone like an E-flat Saxophone. Genuine Sax mouthpiece—Genuine Sax reed. Built on the same principle as a Saxophone, EXCEPT, with the mysterious new simplified Principle. Instead of opening air ports, you merely bend the coiled-spring stem. This shortening or lengthening of the air column determines the tone, half-tone or quarter-tone. What a hit at parties, in school bands, army camps, in amateur

or professional hill-billy and jug bands, in rhythm bands, or as accompaniment for singing. Plays any type of music from Bach to Carmichael. The more you play, the better you become. Play "hot, sweet," loud, soft, rumba, boogie-woogie or classical.

MONEY BACK IF YOU DON'T PLAY IT IN TEN MINUTES

The GAHOON is yours for \$1.00—a hundred dollars worth of fun and melody. AND—\$1.00 is NOT the DOWN PAYMENT. It is the complete and only and final payment. Simple and exact instructions furnished with each GAHOON. Read them once, THEN if you are not playing melody in 10 minutes, return the GAHOON and your \$1.00 will be refunded at once, without quibble or question. Send for yours now. Be the first in your group to introduce this amazing new musical sensation. Surprise and delight your friends with your musical skill. Send the coupon with a \$1.00 bill or P. O. Money Order

INTERNATIONAL M'DSE CORP., Dept. 14, N. Wells, Chicago, Ill.

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PLAY IT
IN 10
MINUTES

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IT'S A
REAL
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PLAY SWING
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WOOGIE.
RUMBA

NOT A
HUMMING TOY
NOT A
WHISTLING
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IT'S A
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AT
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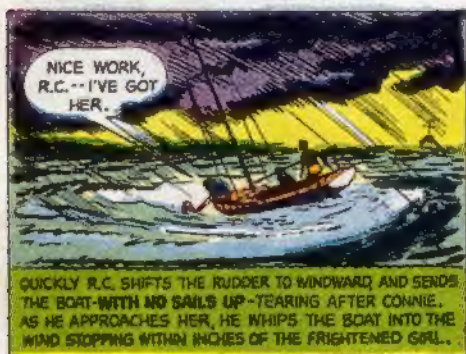
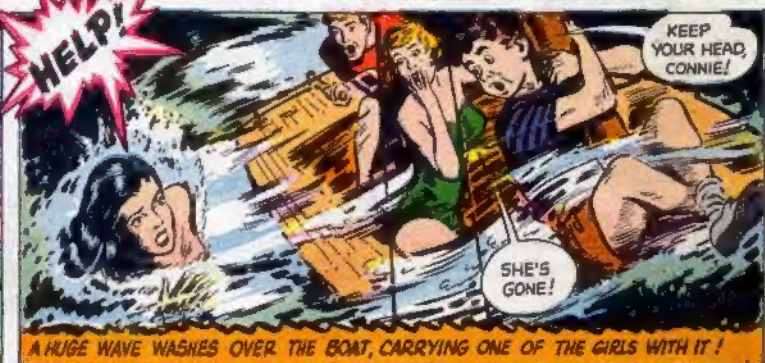
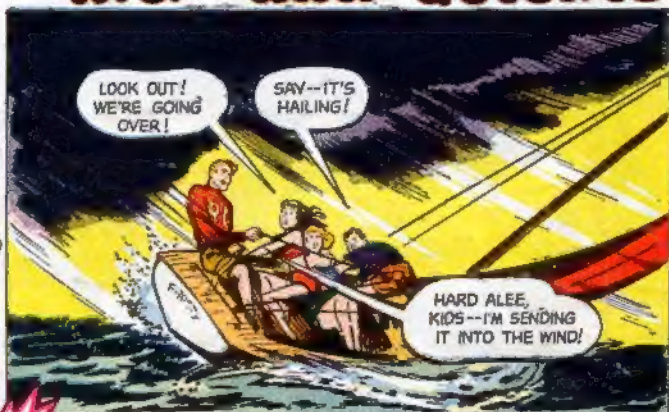
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INTERNATIONAL MERCHANDISE CORP.
30 N. WELLS, CHICAGO, ILL.

Mail postage prepaid One Standard E-Flat Alto GAHOON, with simple and exact instructions for playing melody in ten minutes. I enclose \$1.00 in full payment and you agree to return this \$1.00 if I return the Gahoon in ten days after getting it. No goods sold C.O.D. All Canadian orders \$1.15

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Address _____
City _____ State _____

ADVENTURES of "R.C." and QUICKIE

FOUR AGAINST THE SEA



WILLIAM "BILL" ELLIOTT SAYS,

SHAKE, AMIGO! IT SURE TASTES BEST!

William Elliott is quick-on-the trigger--so he lost no time in picking a winner. He tried the leading colas in paper cups, picked one: Royal Crown Cola. "Best-tasting," said Bill. Why not try it today? 2 full glasses in each 5¢ bottle!

See William Elliott in "IN OLD SACRAMENTO" A Republic Picture

ROYAL CROWN COLA
Best by taste-test